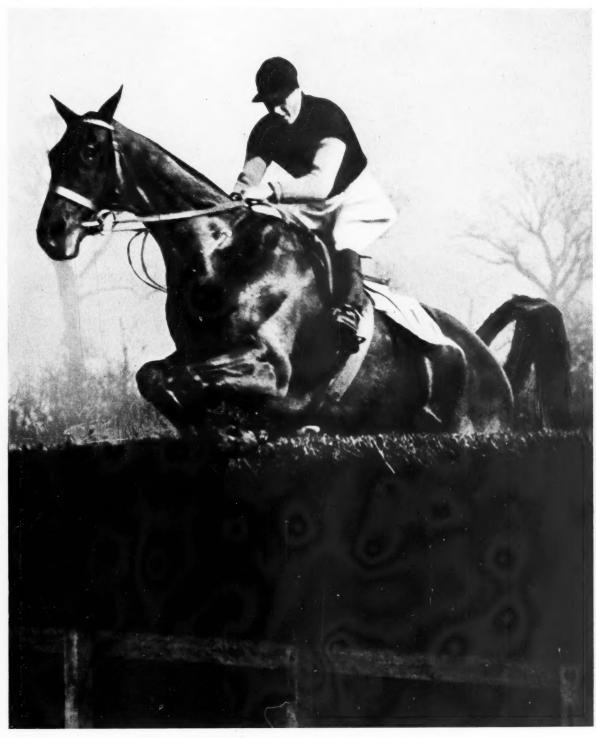
COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. LIII.—No. 1371.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14th, 1923.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O AS A NEWSPAPER.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON LITTLE FAVOURITE.

COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

Offices: 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2 Telegrams: "Country Life," London; Tele. No.: Gerrard 2748.

Advertisements: 6-11, Southampton Street, W.C.2; Tele. No.: Regent 760.

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The Screw of Taxation

T is necessary to explain that the phrase used for the title of this article is essentially part of the revolutionary movement of to-day. In their book on "A Constitu-tion for the Socialist Commonwealth," Mr. Sidney Webb and his wife unblushingly explain its meaning. In the new state for which they plead there is to be a new disposition of wealth. Landlords will be got rid of by the simple device of subjecting them to a tax of 100 per cent. upon their incomes. Excessive wealth will be reduced by the same instrument, exercised, first, on the income, and secondly, as death duties on capital. These ideas have so little relation to the actual facts that it is difficult to avoid dismissing them with a gesture of contempt. Carried out, as far as land goes, it would mean the substitution of small for large proprietors. Probably the name "proprietor" would be too obnoxious for use, but the meaning would remain. Now, if there is any lesson to be learnt from the state of England to-day, it is that an excessive multiplication of small landowners would lead to universal privation and famine in a bad year or a series of bad years. The little man is being steadily crushed out of existence at the present moment by the bankruptcy court. His reserves are insufficient to meet the wants of a rainy day. It is on the estates of those large landowners against whom communistic

enmity is most bitterly directed that there is the minimum of suffering at the present time. One would think that there would be the less need of saying this, because Russia day by day is showing that ruin and revolution go hand in hand. The country is no better, but a thousand times worse, for getting rid of the large landowners. Before the war it was one of the great storehouses and granaries for Europe. The population not only had abundance of food for themselves, but a great surplus to send forth to the other parts of the world. That was the case until the Soviets seized the land and either killed the landowner or turned him out of the country. Instead of any benefit arising from this, there has been, and continues to be, a great shortage of food in the country. The peasant is in possession, but he goes in dread of a change of government that would render the piece of paper given him by his Soviet absolutely valueless. He does not possess the deeds, and until he does so will not have that sense of security which is essential to the prolonged work of farming. Nowhere more than in agriculture does the worker feel that capital is essential. After sowing his seed he has to maintain himself, his workers and his animals for many months; he may count it a year without being accused of exaggeration, and without capital that would be impossible. He feels it even when he confines himself, as he is doing just now, to growing so as to meet the bare necessities of life. Experience has taught him that there is no autocratic tyrant so exacting as the so-called democracy after it has been established. It will take the fruit of his toil and pay, if at all, in notes that are practically worthless. Ruin and revolution have proved to be the closest of confederates.

It is also becoming extremely plain that the tyrannic mob is more cruel than any Czar or Emperor. became evident when in circumstances of the utmost horror the instruments of Trotsky and Lenin murdered the Czar and as many of the royal family as could be found. Since then there is no country, except Ireland, where equal anarchy has prevailed. The lust for blood has found its latest victim in the venerable dignitaries of the Church whom the populace used to come very near adoring. Mgr. Butkevitch has been executed in the most barbaric circumstances. Archbishop Ciepliak, after being sentenced to death, has been let off with ten years' imprisonment with solitary confinement, The Patriarch Tikhon which is only a prolonged agony. is to be tried shortly, and his effigy has been carried round Moscow to the noise and hubbub of the most decadent anti-religious crowds imaginable. Revolution is advocated to-day on the ground that the workers are compelled to live a degrading and narrow life: but what nonsense this is! Until the making of railways country people lived in circumstances that would be abhorrent to their successors The poor had practically no means of locomotion except their legs. Lanes were so chock-full of mud that in winter every inhabitant was practically confined to his cottage, as it was difficult to get from one hamlet to another. Fuel was most expensive; they could not afford coal, but gathered sticks for firing. They had no oil for illumination, but only rushlights. At night they met in the house of some individual who was able to afford a fire. Their food was so coarse that it would never be eaten by the beggar of to-day, and their clothes were poor indeed. The legend of the comfortable yeoman is a figment of imagination. Now, compare the state of things to-day with what it was then. The poorest man in a village enjoys the advantage of fuel, light, cheap travel and a multitude of things to eat which his ancestors never heard of. Democracy has, as a matter of fact, made more advance in England than in any other country in the world. Its progress looks slow to the fire eaters only because it was so strong and certain. The agitation in favour of anarchism is to be welcomed not because it contains any gospel or any truth, but in order that it may be seen to be avoided. Let those who are tempted by the fair speech of its promoters look back quietly and without prejudice on the great advance which has been going on during the two centuries.

*** Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.

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COUNTRY NOTES



N the words of Sir Herbert Matthews the Report of the Agricultural Committee just issued is something to go on with. Agreement is expressed with the proposals of the Committee on Credit Facilities, and the practical suggestion is added that farmers organising for the joint handling of their products should be able to obtain credit for the erection of buildings and purchase of plant. It would be safe as well as wise to give credit facilities to approved organisations of farmers on the same terms as were drawn up by the Committee on Credit Facilities. The demand for an immediate and material reduction of railway rates is of the highest importance to agriculture. The railway rates remain essentially war rates. During the war the railways were temporarily taken out of the hands of the companies and put under Government control. It was one of the inconveniences of the war that the public bore patriotically, as they bore all the other vexatious imposts and interferences incidental to that trying period. Politicians and leaders of every kind then promised that never again would agriculture be neglected as it was in the past. The railway companies on resuming control received generous compensation. They can well afford to make such a reduction of rates as was suggested by Sir Eric Geddes, and it would be the highest wisdom to make the rates for agricultural produce 25 per cent. less than those for other goods. Agriculture is the most essential of all industries, and to neglect it is to help to bring woe upon the nation.

ALTHOUGH a little vague, the principle of encouraging societies or companies with plant for handling milk is one to be commended. Here, again, has been a leakage of farming profits. No one has found out the art of making grass grow in the same way and at the same seasons year fter year. The result is that it is impossible to adjust a dairy so that the yield of the cows corresponds with the demand. It really corresponds with the availability of fresh grass. In consequence, there are periods of the ear, such as that we are approaching now, in which the low of milk is an embarrassment to the dairy. It does not ast very long, say, two or three months at the most, and o make arrangements for the use of this temporary urplus is difficult. Butter and cheese may be manufactured, out in these articles what the retailer demands is a regular supply, and preference is given to those who can produce butter and cheese from one year's end to the other. At present the most promising outlet for it lies in making condensed milk, practically a new industry to this country, but one thoroughly deserving of every encouragement that can be given.

THE next three items are protective in character, and may on that ground be attacked by the purists. Those who wish to deal in a practical manner with facts will,

we feel sure, raise no objection. The first is that importers of wheat flour should be required to send 25 per cent. of wheat offals to 75 per cent. of flour, and that there should be an export duty on wheat offals. It looks rather like a paradox that we should demand a proportion of the imports to be in offals and at the same time place a duty on the export of offals, but it really deals in an effective manner with the situation. Offals are needed in this country for the purpose of feeding great and small live-On the other hand, there are some who make a point of supplying Denmark and Sweden with offals, that is to say, they support those businesses of pig-breeding, bacon-curing and egg production which are in direct rivalry with this country. The proposal is designed to keep the balance even. The principles of Free Trade are set aside in the imposition of twenty shillings per cwt. duty on imported hops with preference of one-third in favour of Dominion countries. By means of experiment and research our native hops have of recent years been much improved in quality, and it is desirable in the interests of the country that the industry of growing hops should be encouraged.

PROBABLY the recommendation to re-establish Wages Boards will lead to much discussion. The situation is, that public opinion is determined that the farm labourer never shall be allowed to return to the ill paid drudgery which was at a desperately low level before the war. The field worker is, in a way, the life and bone of the community. We do not know, however, that a Wages Board is the sort of institution that will give permanent help to the realisation of this ideal. The better way, at any rate, is to be found by increasing the prosperity of agriculture. Let the farmer know, as know he must, that farm wages must not go below the point at which the labourer receives enough to secure a fair share of the comforts as well as the necessities of life. The farmer should look upon that as he does upon rent, namely, as a charge that it is on his conscience to meet. If he has to think more and work harder both he and the man will benefit in the long run.

THE FLY-IN-AMBER.

Long, oh long ago, Dear one,
A dancing Hour was drowned in Memory's well;
Sweet Memory, sombre,
Smoothed every shining member
And shut that Hour in amber,
Immortalised, to cheer one
And charm, in days when Life has less to tell.

'Tis good, then, to remember
The very touch and taste of vanished things!
When red glows the ember
And quiet is the chamber,
Behold! the Fly-in-amber
Mysteriously breathes and stirs his wings!

MARY DUCLAUX.

NOTHING, even in these wild days, when every morning's paper has news of fresh murders, executions and other fatalities, has solemnised and impressed the public more than the death of Lord Carnarvon. His sudden death would have been a shock in any circumstances, but no dramatist, ancient or modern, could have contrived a more arresting ending. The quest which seemed ready to culminate in triumph was the unearthing of a great potentate who, dying three thousand years ago, had been laid to rest with a lordly equipage meant to impress even the mighty nations of the dead. Incidentally, it revealed an art and a civilisation equal to the highest that was to follow it. But it was destined that Lord Carnarvon should not enter into the kingdom he had discovered. His undoing was carried out by the least significant of agents. In the Valley of Kings, the scene of his triumphs, a little fly stung him. At first, that did not give cause for anxiety, but a barber, in shaving him, cut away the scab; blood poisoning set in, and suddenly the world-wide public to which his name and story had become familiar was astounded to learn that he

was fighting for his life. At first his courage and constitution seemed about to conquer, and the poison was got rid of. Then came a new assailant in the shape of pneumonia. Against it, too, he put up a great fight, but the disease spread from one lung to two, and the great heart had to succumb. No written tragedy has shown more impressively how completely the most valiant is at the mercy of trivial accident and disease.

F ever there was a game that is not " an old man's game " it is rackets. Yet, on Saturday Mr. E. M. Baerlein at the age of forty-three regained the championship from his last year's conqueror, Mr. Clarence Bruce, and became champion for the ninth time. It is a notable achievement, and one to send a glow of admiration through the breast of every player of games. Mr. Baerlein has now beaten the record of eight wins held jointly by himself and by Mr. H. K. Foster. Mr. Foster won his championships in a shorter time and, having once emerged from retirement to beat Mr. Baerlein in the historic match of 1904, left the court once and for all. Mr. Baerlein's powers matured more slowly. He did not come to his finest form quite so easily or naturally as did Mr. Foster, but he is a great player of games, and, perhaps, no other champion of modern times, whatever his game, has had so indomitable a " to victory." Time writes some wrinkles even on Mr. Baerlein's brow, and he is neither quite so good nor quite so young as he was a dozen years since, but he is still very, very good and a terrible opponent. Whether or not he plays another year, he has set up a record not easily to be equalled.

THE experiments in low-power flight held on Saturday at Lytham resulted in a fine performance by the Air Ministry's cantilever monoplane, surpassing that of M. Barbot in his 7–10 h.p. Aviette near Toulouse. The English machine was the Wren, specially designed for the Ministry by Mr. Matthews, and weighed, with its engine, less than 15st., with a 3½ h.p. motor which was capable, however, of developing a horse-power of five to seven. On this occasion the test pilot rose against an 18 to 25 m.p.h. wind to a height of 250ft. without having to use his full power. Indeed, he had to throttle down because he was rising higher than he intended. In all, he was in the air for seven and a half minutes and was flying at over 40 m.p.h. On a still day this would probably have meant a speed of 60 m.p.h. It was at Lytham, in 1909, that Latham demonstrated the possibility of flying in a gale. Now, Saturday's achievement opens up yet another possibility, hitherto but dimly contemplated with any sanguine hope of realisation, namely, the evolution of a small machine which one man can easily and safely use.

I T is a pity more people did not go to Queen's Club last Saturday to see the Public Schools' Relay Races organised by the Achilles Club. Some of the races were most exciting, and there was a sturdy exhibition of patriotism on the part of various old boys. The heroes of the afternoon were the four Carthusians, who, with no reserves to help them, ran in three races, won two of them and seemed none the worse at the end of it. Of these gallant four V. E. Morgan, still a Charterhouse boy, ran a mile that holds out promise of great things. With two races already out of him he had to run the last crucial mile with Milligan, this year's Oxford miler giving him but a short start. It looked a cruel business with Milligan gradually getting back the yards and apparently only waiting his time to pounce on his victim. Then suddenly, when the moment seemed to have come, it was the boy who spurted, the man who was left behind. It was a fine exhibition alike of courage and judgment, and if this young runner goes on to Oxford he should be a sharp thorn in the side of Cambridge for the next four years.

A SIGNIFICANT demonstration took place at Madrid on April 8th. It was carried out by the delegations of a national pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Isidore, the Patron Saint of Agriculture. In the pilgrimage, which was organised by the National Federation of Catholic Syndicates, a body which claims to represent half a million farm labourers, there was a lineal descendant of St. Isidore's

employer. The object of the gathering was to emphasise the desire of these men for small holdings. The cry was for more land. It must be regarded as a good sign of a growing belief in Spain that the salvation of the country is to be found only in the establishment of more men on the soil. It is said that the Catholic clergy have done much to produce and direct this enthusiasm. There are already many small-holders of land in Spain, but they have been until recently rather ignorant and lacking especially in the new ideas which enable small-holders in other parts of the world to hold their own uncommonly well. The movement has our best wishes, as we believe it will ultimately be for the good and prosperity of Spain.

T may be worth while here to record a personal experience of the writer no longer ago than last Saturday, when he visited a small County Council holding that has been in existence only a little more than three years. The occupants were a man and his wife. Both of them used to follow indoor occupations, the wife being at one time a governess and her husband a clerk. In those days the girl-for, though married, she is only a girl-suffered a good deal from delicate health, and as much might be said of the man also. It seemed an altogether different pair whom one found engaged in feeding the poultry and gathering the eggs on a Saturday The slim, delicate girl had become a strong, healthy-looking woman who ran about with the greatest activity and enjoyment, searching among her henhouses and pointing out the extreme enthusiasm with which the old gander defended his mate and the sagacity with which a venerable duck led his harem-which, by the way, included a rival drake-to their sleeping quarters. Here were health, interest and profit. Eggs, even at the low price at which they are to-day, were producing by themselves 35s. a week, and egg-selling will soon be of less account than the selling of chickens, many of which are almost ready for the table. What pleased the onlooker most were the animation and interest of the couple in their new avocation. They did not find any dulness in the country, but an interest that the town had never been able to yield them.

THE SKYLARK.

He soars aloft, vain boaster of the Spring; Outpours in arrogance his boisterous cry; Bursts through the silent regions of the sky With a wild rush of wanton carolling. He rises still and with his fluttering wing Dares the deep solitude of the Most High. The vast blue void his quivering notes defy, God's firmament!—This infinite small thing!

Watch; now he falters in his heavenward flight, Hark; now the notes of his faint song have set. The sun is full: yet round his heart the night Of sudden terror, like a fowler's net. With one last shuddering trill he breaks the strain And like a stone drops to dull earth again.

G. HERBERT THRING.

MR. WILLIAM WALCOT'S etchings and drawings of ancient temples, now exhibited at the R.I.B.A. Galleries, 9, Conduit Street, are a sign of the increasing interest of the age in the modes of life of the remote past. Such interest is nothing new, but the great additional knowledge yearly contributed by excavation and Mr. Walcot's architectural training and imaginative genius combine to render this exhibition of peculiar significance. The fortunes of Tutankhamen have fascinated millions of men and women. Equally suggestive operations being carried out at Ur, Knossos and Carthage. Sir Arthur Evans' literally epoch-making discoveries at Knossos were the subject of a great book reviewed in our Christmas Number. And now the news comes of the American expedition to Carthage to assist the French excavators. Some are sceptical as to the likelihood of finding anything of importance. The expectations of historians are directed mostly to the earliest remains that may be unearthed. Carthage and Etruria are now with certainty traced to have been Phænician colonies, and it is now realised that the Phænicians owed to the Minoans a great debt of culture.

THE IMPERIAL WEDDING IN CHINA

II.—THE NUPTIAL RITES.



ONE OF THE PRELIMINARY PROCESSIONS, CONVEYING GIFTS FROM THE EMPEROR TO HIS BETROTHED, PASSING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

OST Chinese weddings are conducted on a much more elaborate scale than is customary in the West, and the rites and ceremonies are far too numerous to be compressed within a single day. This is mainly due to the emphasis laid on the betrothal rites, for in China betrothal is attended by many complicated formalities, and is practically, from the point of view of both law and public opinion, as binding as marriage. If such is the case with regard to ordinary weddings, how much more is it so with regard to the nuptials of emperors. It is true that the marriage of Hsüan T'ung, as a spectacle, or series of spectacles, was much less magnificent than that of his predecessor on the throne; nevertheless, the fact that it involved an expenditure of over a quarter of a million gold dollars is an indication that it was not unmarked by some degree of imperial pomp and splendour.

of a million gold dollars is an indication that it was not unmarked by some degree of imperial pomp and splendour.

A detailed description of the various ritual and ceremonial preliminaries of the wedding would fill more space than the most generous of editors could be expected to concede. We must content ourselves with the briefest mention of the principal formalities that had to be carried through before the imperial bridegroom could gaze for the first time upon the face of his bride.

The most important of the preliminary ceremonies were three in number: the formal "Sending of the Betrothal Presents," which took place on October 21st; the Marriage Contract Rites on November 12th; and the Rites of the Golden Seal and Scroll on November 3oth. These dates were chosen after they had been duly declared, as a result of astrological wizardries, to be "auspicious."

There was much superficial resemblance between these three ceremonies. In each case there was a State procession from the Palace of Heavenly Purity (or Cloudless Heaven) in the Forbidden City to the residence of the bride's father, who, kneeling on a crimson cushion placed on the ground outside his front gate, received in reverent silence the emissaries of the Son of Heaven. In each case the procession was headed by an imperial commissioner—a prince of the blood—who was the august bearer of a beribboned staff called the chieh—a symbol of imperial authority. In these and other respects the ceremonies were similar, but each had an importance and significance peculiar to itself.

The betrothal presents, sent on the morning of October 21st. There was much superficial resemblance between these

peculiar to itself.

The betrothal presents, sent on the morning of October 21st, were not chosen at random, but in strict accordance with dynastic precedent. Among them were two horses with saddles and bridles, eighteen sheep, forty pieces of satin and eighty rolls of cloth. The portable articles were carried in numbers of lung-t'ing—" dragon pavilions"—draped in yellow and somewhat resembling miniature sedan chairs.

The Palace of Cloudless Heaven is the principal building in that portion of the Forbidden City which still remains in the hands of the Manchu Emperor. It contains a great ceremonial hall, in the centre of which stands the imperial throne. On New Year's Day (Old Style) and on his own birthday the Emperor, clad in imperial dragon robes, mounts the throne and receives the congratulations of Manchu and Mongol nobles, the officers of his Court and the representative of the President. Apart from these and a few other important occasions, the great



COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF CLOUDLESS HEAVEN. THIS IS THE EMPEROR'S THRONE-HALL INTO WHICH THE EMPRESS WAS CARRIED IN THE PHOENIX CHAIR DURING THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 1ST.

throne-hall of this palace is seldom opened; but it was open and in use at every stage in the celebration the imperial

nuptials. The princes, nobles and officers of the household whose duty it was to convey the betrothal presents to the Empress assembled in the great quadrangle in front of the throne-hall fell into their places under the guidance of grand ushers and mar-shals. A herald then entered the hall, took up his

then entered the hall, took up his position on the east side of the throne (which faces south) and read aloud the following Imperial Rescript: "We have already issued our edit declaring that we have elevated Kuo-Po-Lo, daughter of Jung Yüan, expectant-taotai and hereditary noble of the sixth rank, to the dignity of Empress. We now command our Officers of State to take the Symbol of Imperial Authority and carry out the ceremony of Sending the Betrothal Gifts."

The Symbol was thereupon reverently lifted from a table in front of the throne and handed over to the principal imperial commissioner. The latter placed himself at the head of the procession, which slowly threaded its course through the tortuous ways of the Forbidden City, issued from the north gate (the Gate of Divine Valour), and passed through thronged streets to the bride's residence in Hat Lane. It was accompanied not only by a band of Court musicians and an escort of palace guards, but also by Republican soldiers on horseback and on foot. This was an interesting indication (not lost on the Peking populace) that the display of imperial pomp in the streets of the Republican capital was in no way resented by the President and his Government.

The Ta Chêne Li—Rites of the Great Proof or Marriage

the Republican capital was in no way resented by the President and his Government.

The Ta Chêng Li—Rites of the Great Proof or Marriage Contract—which took place a fortnight later, marked the completion of a further stage in the ceremonial. Once more a herald stood by the side of the throne and read an Imperial Rescript which was identical with that read at the Betrothal Rites except in the elecing words which enjoined the officers concerned to which was identical with that read at the Betrothal Rites except in the closing words, which enjoined the officers concerned to "take the Symbol of Imperial Authority and carry out the Rites of the Great Proof." This was again an occasion for the sending of gifts to the bride and the various members of her family. The gifts recovery were of much markets and the content of the sending of the content of the sending of the content of the sending of the content of the co sending of gifts to the bride and the various members of her family. The gifts, moreover, were of much greater value than on the former occasion. Those sent to the Empress included 100 oz. of gold, 10,000 oz. of silver, one gold tea-set, two silver tea-sets, two silver bowls, 100 pieces of satin, and two horses with saddles and bridles. To her parents were sent the following: 40 oz. of gold, 4,000 oz. of silver, one gold tea-set, one silver tea-set, forty pieces of satin, one hundred rolls of cloth,



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS USED FOR RITUAL PURPOSES AT THE WEDDING CEREMONIES.

two horses with saddles and bridles, two suits of Court robes, two suits of winter garments, one girdle of honour. To each of the Empress's two brothers, one of whom is a child of ten, were sent eight pieces of satin, sixteen rolls of cloth, and one set of writing materials. The servants of the servants of the establishment were not forgot-ten, for to these were sent for division the sum of 400 Chinese dollars.

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the three great pre-liminary ceremonies took place on the morning of November 30th, the eve of the wedding. Three ceremonial tables were placed in front of the throne, the Imperial Symbol being deposited on the centre one. On the eastern table was placed the Golden Scroll or Imperial Letters Patent, while on the western table was placed the Golden Seal. Both scroll and seal were intended

or Imperial Letters Patent, while on the western table was placed the Golden Seal. Both scroll and seal were intended to pass into the possession of the Empress, who would bring them back with her to the palace when she entered it as bride. Besides the Empress's Golden Scroll and Seal and the Imperial Symbol, there was one other article of great ceremonial and practical importance which was temporarily deposited, as if for purposes of sanctification, within the hall of the Palace of Cloudless Heaven. This was the great bridal sedan chair which, carried by twenty-two bearers, would shortly convey the bride from the home of her father to the palace of her imperial bridegroom. This chair, sumptuously and elaborately draped in scarlet and gold, was adorned with various emblematic devices, the most conspicuous of which were four silver birds which perched upon the corners of the roof. From these birds the imperial bridal chair derives its name fêng yū—the fêng State chair. The fêng is a mythical creature which is supposed to be queen of birds, and symbolises happiness and good fortune. For want of a better term the word is usually rendered by "phœnix"; but it would be wrong to suppose that the Chinese fêng and the phœnix of Greek lore have much in common beyond the fact that they are both mythical birds. In China the phœnix typifies a happy and prosperous bride, and is pre-eminently the emblem of an empress; just as that other fabulous animal, the lung or dragon, typifies a happy and prosperous bridegroom, and is pre-eminently the emblem of an empress; just as that other fabulous animal, the lung or dragon, typifies a happy and prosperous bridegroom, and is pre-eminently the emblem of an empress; just as that other fabulous animal, the lung or dragon, typifies a happy and prosperous bridegroom, and is pre-eminently the emblem of an emperor.

Under the eastern and western eaves of the palace roof were placed or suspended curious musical instruments modelled on those used in remote antiquity. They are used exclusively



THE EMPRESS'S PHŒNIX CHAIR, CARRIED BY EUNUCHS, ON THE IMPERIAL TERRACE IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

reach evidence, to date from the earliest days of China's recorded

When all was ready for the ceremony to commence, the Emperor arrayed himself in his robes of State, entered the palace, i. spected the Golden Scroll and Seal—the last and most important his gifts to the bride—and mounted the Dragon Throne. can while the Court musicians struck a few notes on their drums Against the Court musicians struck a few hotes on their drums and hanging stones, thus giving what was supposed to be a rendering of the "Peace be with you" section of a symphony entitled "The Central Harmony." This piece of music is attributed to the Emperor Shun, who—if he be not, like the phenix, a myth—began to reign in 2255 B.C.

On the cessation of the music the princes, imperial commissioners, Court officials and all concerned in the preparations

for the wedding, were marshalled in order and performed the ceremony of the three-fold kneeling and the nine-fold prostration

(kotow). This they did, not in the throne-room, but on the marble terrace outside. Then followed the reading of a third Imperial Rescript, which was phrased like the two former ones with the necessary alteration. Immediately after this the Imperial Symbol and Golden Seal and Scroll were taken off their tables and handed over to the care of those whose duty it was to convey them to the home of the bride. While the procession was forming in the quadrangle the Emperor descended from the throne, which was the signal for the musicians to strike up the "Joyous Peace" section of the symphony already named.

The ceremony which took place when The ceremony which took place when the procession arrived at the bride's residence was more elaborate than on the two former occasions, and the bride was herself for the first time an active participant. She was called upon to take formal and ceremonious posses-sion of the Scroll and Seal and personally sion of the Scroll and Seal and personally to attend the ceremony of the reading of the Imperial Rescript. She knelt during the reading, and afterwards went through an elaborate form of salutation which consists in six times standing with arms hanging down and head slightly advanced, kneeling three times and bowing three times. This, for a woman is regarded as equivalent to the and bowing three times. This, for a woman, is regarded as equivalent to the most reverential of prostrations—the ninefold kotow. When the ceremony was over and the procession about to return to the palace, the bride, attended by a Mistress of Ceremonies, accompanied it as far as the outside of the central decryway of the inner (women's) central doorway of the inner (women's) apartments.

It was on the early morning of the same day (November 30th) that the shu fei or "Secondary Consort" entered the palace as bride. The fact that she preceded the Empress gave rise to much ignorant and nonsensical chatter, especially among Western foreigners; and certainly the mere existence of the shu involving a double marriage, de-ys most of the romantic glamour might otherwise—in the eyes of stern foreigners, at least—be associated with the imperial nuptials. ald not be forgotten, however, that status of secondary wife to the the status of secondary wife to the Emperor is very far from being an ignoble one. Her position is, in fact, on of great dignity. A fei, in certain circumstances, may be elevated to the rark of empress, and her son may become emperor. Her betrothal and

riage rites have not been described letail in these pages merely because in all essentials they e similar to those of the Empress, differing from them only in wer degree of pomp and circumstance. The true reason why fei enters the palace first is that she may be able, on the press's arrival, to place herself at the head of all the palace

nen and be the first to welcome her.

The time fixed for the bride's arrival at the palace was o'clock on the morning of December 1st. This meant that had to be in readiness to leave the parental home shortly she had to be in readiness to leave the parental home shortly after 3 a.m. At this hour there was bright moonlight, for the sky was serene and cloudless and the moon was nearly full. Nevertheless, to those ignorant of Chinese customs it must seem strange that the time chosen for a wedding procession should be the depth of a midwinter night. It is, indeed, a common, though not a universal, practice in China for weddings to take place in the middle of the night, and very few Chinese can give

a reasonable explanation of it. Possibly it is a survival of the days of "marriage by capture."

The conveyance of the Phœnix Chair from the Palace of Cloudless Heaven to the Empress's home was in itself a ceremony Cloudless Heaven to the Empress's home was in itself a ceremony of great importance and solemnity. The chair was carried by ordinary bearers belonging to the Imperial Equipage Department as far as the front courtyard. It was then handed over to eunuchs, who carried it into the principal hall or reception room attached to the women's apartments. There it was set down at such an angle that it fronted the auspicious quarter of the south-east—the region which (as had been ascertained by divination) was at that hour presided over by the god of Happiness

Happiness.

The bride, in all the splendour of her wedding robes, was ready at the appointed hour, and when the Mistress of Ceremonies formally invited Her Majesty to take her seat in the Phœnix



THE BRIDAL PHOENIX CHAIR IN WHICH THE EMPRESS WAS CARRIED BY SIXTEEN BEARERS INTO THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



THE DRAGON PHOENIX MARRIAGE BED IN THE EASTERN PAVILION OF THE PALACE OF EARTHLY PEACE.

Chair, she did so without delay. The chair was immediately raised by the eunuchs, carried out of the inner hall and through various courtyards, and set down for a moment outside the main gateway. There it was surrendered by the eunuchs to main gateway. There it was surrendered by the eunuchs to the regular bearers, and the wedding procession set out on its journey to the Forbidden City. It was not accompanied by any member of the bride's family, but her father went as far as the outer gateway, where he knelt on his red cushion until the procession had passed out of sight.

With the procession went an escort of Republican soldiers, and interest a causaly of police soldiers of the imperial

with the procession went an escort of Republican soldiers, cavalry and infantry, a squadron of police, soldiers of the imperial guard, and two bands discoursing foreign and Chinese music—fortunately not simultaneously. There was an empty sedan chair covered with yellow satin and crowned by a silver knob, and there were three old-fashioned "Peking carts" also silver, knobbed and draped with yellow satin and also empty. These

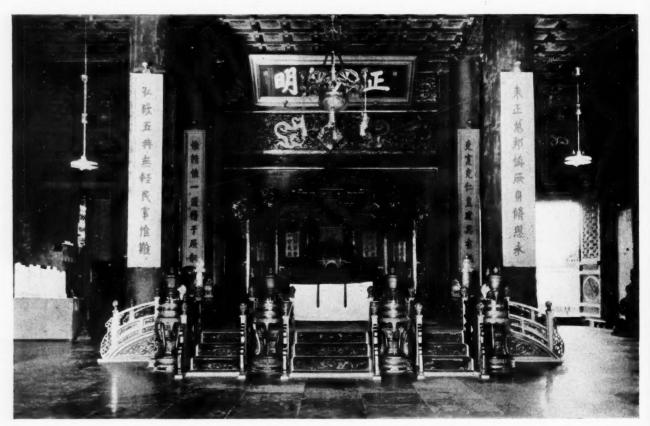
were intended for Her Majesty's personal use on future occasions, for the Phœnix Chair could never be used again. Among those walking in the procession were sixty bearers of large palace lanterns, over seventy bearers of "dragon-phœnix" flags and State umbrellas, and numerous palace servants carrying yellow pavilions containing the Golden Scroll and Seal and the bride's trousseau. The Principal Imperial Commissioner (Prince Ch'ing) carried the Imperial Symbol; the Assistant Commissioner (Prince Cheng) was the bearer of the Imperial Rescript. Behind the Commissioners went the bearers of portable incense burners, which gave forth fragrant smoke, and next came the Phœnix Chair itself with its twenty-two bearers. On either side walked eunuchs of the Presence; and behind the Chair went ministers of the household, chamberlains and officers of the Guard on horseback.

When the procession set out, between 3 a.m. and 4 a.m., the moon had disappeared and the night was very dark. The electric street lamps—neither very thickly clustered nor very brilliant in Peking—did little more than make darkness visible; nevertheless, the streets were lined with crowds of well mannered sightseers, who stood in patient silence behind the rows of Republican soldiers and police, content with such glimpses as they could get of the stately Court dresses now so seldom seen outside the Forbidden precincts. The centre of every street through which the imperial lady passed was strewn for the occasion (in accordance with an ancient imperial prerogative) with yellow sand and kept clear for the passage of what will

princes and officers of the Court, therefore, withdrew from the throne-hall and the doors were closed.

Having been assisted by princesses and eunuchs to alight from her chair, the Empress was conducted through a door at the back of the throne-hall to the Palace of Earthly Peace (K'un-ning Kung) which stands a short distance to the north of the Palace of Cloudless Heaven. There her sixteen-year-old lord and master stood waiting to welcome her, and there—after ceremoniously removing the kai-t'ou or head-dress which concealed her face—he gazed for the first time upon the features of his sixteen-year-old bride.

The ceremonies that followed were similar in essentials to those that take place at all old-fashioned Chinese weddings, and need not be described. The principal rites are the ceremonious drinking of the Nuptial Cup and the joint partaking of the wedding feast spread at the side of the "dragon-phœnix" couch. Other essential ceremonies, such as the worship of the bridegroom's imperial ancestors, took place on the following and subsequent days. There were also Court festivities of various kinds, including theatricals, which gave a life and colour to the palaces and court-yards of the Forbidden City which they had not known since the days of the old Empress-Dowager. One of the most brilliant ceremonies connected with the imperial nuptials was the Congratulatory Ceremony on December 3rd. On this occasion the Emperor sat on the dragon-throne in the Palace of Cloudless Heaven to receive the congratulations of Manchu and Mongol princes, the officers attached to his Court and Household, and



THE IMPERIAL THRONE IN THE PALACE OF CLOUDLESS HEAVEN,

perhaps prove to have been the last imperial bridal procession in the capital of China.

It entered the Forbidden City by the central portal of the great East Gate, and did not stop until it had reached the gateway which stands some distance in front of the Palace of Cloudless Heaven. There, at the foot of a flight of marble steps, the Phœnix Chair was set down for a moment in order that the ordinary chair-bearers might be replaced by eunuchs. Slowly and with solemn deliberation the eunuchs carried their precious burden up the steps and into the great quadrangle beyond. Most of those who had formed part of the procession, including the musicians, remained outside the gateway. To them a nearer approach to the Dragon Throne was not permissible. Among those who were privileged to pass within were the incense bearers, whose portable censers, with their little chains, made a tinkling music as they swayed with the rhythmic movements of the bearers. In a few moments the Phœnix Chair had entered the Palace of Cloudless Heaven and had been set down in front of the throne. On either side stood princes of the blood, with their princesses, groups of ladies-in-waiting and eunuchs, officers of the household, and a few other high officers of what is known as the Nei Ting or Inner Court. The present writer was the only foreigner present.

The moment had now arrived when the bride was to emerge from her chair; but Court etiquette demanded that she could do this only in the presence of women and eunuchs. All the those ex-Ministers of State who had served the throne faithfully in days gone by and still regarded the last of the emperors with affectionate loyalty. All these wore the full official raiment or Court dress in vogue under the empire. In addition came a number of civil and military officials of the Republic, whose garments—foreign-style uniforms and frock coats—offered, it must be confessed, a painful contrast to the old-time mandarin robes with their artistically blended colours and rich furs and silks. Some of these officials attended in their private capacity, others as representatives of the Republican authorities; for the Republican Government was honourably anxious to show that it respected, in the spirit and in the letter, the terms of the Agreement between Republic and Throne. It cannot be denied that in all matters affecting the imperial wedding the Government was loyal to its undertaking to treat the Manchu Emperor with all the courtesy that it would show to a foreign sovereign on Chinese soil.

In one important respect this ceremony of congratulation

In one important respect this ceremony of congratulation was marked by a complete and surprising breaking-away from old custom. It may be remembered that in my first article I drew attention to the likelihood that the young Empress's entrance into the Forbidden City would mark the beginning of a new era in Manchu Court life and herald the disappearance of stiff conventions and taboos. These words were verified with almost startling suddenness only two days after the wedding, when Emperor and Empress, for the first time in the history

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liant Condless ngol of the dynasty, held a joint and informal reception of foreigners. The Empress-Dowager of Boxer notoriety did, indeed, receive foreigners on many occasions towards the close of her life; but she did so as de facto sovereign, when she was advanced in years, and for reasons connected with state-craft. Moreover, those receptions were never wholly free from formality, and ladies and gentlemen were received separately, and not, as on this occasion, together. No reception held by the "Old Buddha" can rightly be compared with this joint reception of foreign men and women by the young Emperor and his young Empress of two days' standing. It took place immediately before the formal reception of Manchu notables and Chinese officials and ex-Ministers, at which the Empress was not present. The foreign guests, nearly two hundred in number, were first conducted to the throne-hall of the Palace of Cloudless Heaven, where they were served with refreshments and received mementoes of the occasion in the form of little silver boxes. To emphasise the informal nature of the proceedings the Emperor did not mount the throne, he did not receive his guests in the throne-hall, and neither he nor the Empress was seated. The room to which the guests were admitted one by one to make their bow, and in some cases to shake hands, was a small apartment known as the Hsi Nuan Ko—the Western Warm Pavilion—which is entered by a door on the western side of the throne-hall. In this room Their Majesties stood side by side, attended by two princesses, two Ministers of the household, and three persons who introduced the visitors as they came in. These three were Mr. Liang Tun-yen, long ago an interpreter to the great Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, and afterwards a Vice-President of the Board of Foreign Affairs; Mr. Lien Fang, who also served under the Empire as a Vice-President of the Board of Foreign Affairs;

and myself. Neither Mr. Liang nor Mr. Lien has held office under the Republic. It is said that the latter was offered a high post under Yüan Shih-k'ai, but gave the answer that rather than serve the Republic he would earn his living by pulling a rickshaw!

Among the foreigners who attended this reception were all, or nearly all, the foreign ministers; but, in recognition of the fact that they were accredited not to the Manchu Court, but to the Chinese Republic, they came as private individuals, not as the official representatives of their respective Governments.

As soon as the foreigners had all been presented. Mr. Liang

As soon as the foreigners had all been presented, Mr. Liang informed them that His Majesty was about to join them and to speak a few words of welcome. The company maintained a respectful silence as the Emperor mounted the dais of the a respectful shelice as the Emperor mounted the dats of the throne. What he said was spoken slowly and clearly in English. "It is a great pleasure to us," he said, "to see here to-day so many distinguished visitors from all parts of the world. We thank you for coming, and we wish you all health and prosperity." From the hands of Mr. Liang he then took a glass of champagne, bowed to the company on right and left, and raised the glass to his line.

To foreigners in Peking the Emperor in the Forbidden City To foreigners in Peking the Emperor in the Forbidden City had hitherto been something of a mystery within a mystery. Now, for the first time, they had beheld a very human boy, conducting himself in rather trying circumstances with all the graceful dignity that seems to be inborn in the princely families of the Manchu race, and showing very clearly, by the simple frankness of his manners and his obvious pleasure at this unwonted opportunity of meeting men and women from Europe and America, that for him the old barriers between East and West had been for ever swept away.

The Forbidden City, Peking.

R. F. Johnston.

The Forbidden City, Peking.

R. F. JOHNSTON.

LONDON STREETS AND THEIR RECENT BUILDINGS.-VII

KINGSWAY.

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

INGSWAY is our one first-class modern street. I suppose it has all been built within the last twenty years, and most of it within the last five. It therefore affords an excellent opportunity for appraising our modern monumental, as opposed to our modern domestic, architecture, and the result need not, I think, entirely depress us. Indeed, compared with similar work in Regent Street, it is very cheering. The London County Council, unlike the Government has somehow succeeded in getting erected in its Street, it is very cheering. The London County Council, unlike the Government, has somehow succeeded in getting erected in its new street a number of big yet fine buildings, which, while they are intensely modern, answering to absolutely modern requirements, yet take their place as definite pieces of street architecture, enhancing instead of doing violence to the street as a whole. From the inclusion, however, of a number of buildings of the nondescript type of structure, showing no sense of style, but the jumble of all features classic and Gothic which marked the end of

Q u e e n Victoria's and the beginning of King Edward's reign, one may doubt whether the credit for the total result is eally due to Council. Vevertheless. he Council ertainly tarted well. They gave us the one and only absolutely straight street we possess. They did more than this. They gave this street a generous width for a London

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one, they gave it a fine termination in the two spreading arms of one, they gave it a fine termination in the two spreading arms of Aldwych, at the same time providing a site for a large and important central building to close its vista. Moreover, they put the tramways underground. All this is definitely to their credit. I remember, too, in the first flush of their ambition they went further and held a competition for elevations for the whole street, which produced at least one fine scheme in the name of Leonard Stokes worthy to compare with Nash's Regent Street. However, in this last venture their courage failed them, as far as concerns any continuous scheme of the competition, as far as concerns any continuous scheme of building for the whole street, proved abortive. I suppose the Council, with the ratepayers behind them, who looked for immediate returns in rateable values, could not wait till the general pressure of population forced lessees to build to the prescribed elevations. The result was that the first buildings to be erected conformed to no scheme and with no real ings to be erected conformed to no scheme and, with no real

harmonious style preva-lent at the time, were of thehaphazard character already men-tioned. These are mostly to be found towards the Holborn end of the street, which was developed first. The later uni-formity that the street undoubtedly achieved is due, I think, to something much more interesting than either regulations determining heights and cornice lines or even to the



THE BUSH TERMINAL BUILDING AS SEEN FROM KINGSWAY. This building sets a high standard for commercial architecture in London. (Tower yet to be built.)

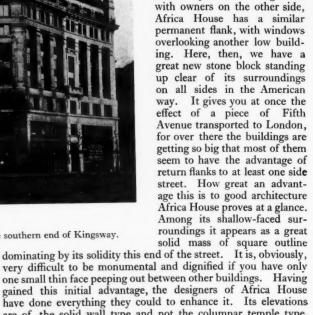
imposition of one uniform design. It is due, I suggest, to the outstanding influence of one living architect—Sir John Burnet. I do not know whether he will be pleased with this suggestion or not, but I think he is entitled, if he likes, to look on the best buildings in the street, and such general character as the street has, as a tribute to himself. He has only actually built one building in the street, that stark and severe, but eminently truthful structure, the Kodak building, on the right-hand side going towards the Strand. For those, however, who know his work there are many motives running through the design of other blocks, such as the architrave scheme of the great doorways to Shell House and Adastral House—the big balancing even an entrance to a Tube railway station cannot further spoil. On the opposite side is the Holborn Restaurant, the Kingsway flank of which is a competent piece of Second Empire design, rich with an even density of ornament much to be preferred to our present system of planting what Americans call "gobbets" of rich stuff at points on otherwise plain

Next to the Holborn Restaurant on the same side of the way is Messrs. Belcher and Joass's unfinished church, which a very interesting and picturesque piece of work. It consists at present of a great recessed curved front in the centre of which projects a lofty semicircular columnar porch. Here is a fine baroque idea, which in Ital

would have led to a magnificently dramatic church front. Alas, as in so many of Messrs. Belcher and Joass's buildings, you feel the clash of two strong personalities preventing the full scope of either. The centre porch and the terminal pedestals are refined, elongated Georgian ; the flanking niches on either side, with their heavily marked square blockings and panels and their long pendent wreaths, are a Scotch version of the Viennese Secession. The two do not combine even with the assistance of the sentimental little winged figures from the Accountants' Institute, which seem to have flown over from the city to soften the asperity of this Scotch-Austrian detail. In spite of all this, however, a curved recessed front in a London business street, to be crowned one day with a picturesque tower, is some-

thing to rejoice at.

On the opposite side of the way is another church—a Roman Catholic one this time—but in itself of very inferior interest. It serves, however, a useful, if humble, purpose in that it is a low structure, for by reason of this the great new building next to it, Africa House, by Messrs. Trehearne and Norman, has a large exposed flank which will be permanently By some arrangement seen. with owners on the other side,





SHELL CORNER



ADASTRAL HOUSE.

These two buildings, facing one another, form a fine termination to the southern end of Kingsway.

buildings facing one another at the southern entrance of the street—which can be traced back to him. It is not, however, only by particular motives that his spiritual parentage of the best part of the street is evident. It is shown even better in the general directness of its architecture. Messrs. Trehearne and Norman, the architects who have been responsible for most

of the characteristically modern buildings in Kingsway, must surely count themselves Sir John's disciples. I hope they do.

Let us now walk slowly down the street from Holborn to the Strand and note particular buildings. At the top on the left-hand side there is a large commonplace block which

very difficult to be monumental and dignified if you have only one small thin face peeping out between other buildings. Having gained this initial advantage, the designers of Africa House have done everything they could to enhance it. Its elevations are of the solid wall type and not the columnar temple type. Such columns as it has are reserved for points of special emphasis. Its solidity and squareness are still further marked by the setting in of the attic storey above the main cornice. Perhaps the County Council by its rules, fixing a maximum height on the street face of 80ft., has here contributed a little by compelling

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the setting back. The result is as satisfactory as the new zoning the setting back. The result is as satisfactory as the new zoning laws are proving in New York, where similar settings back at certain heights are in force, and as a consequence a new I abylonian-like architecture of stepped buildings is growing up. Africa House may be the first sign of it with us. For its complete success, however, buildings must be rectangular, and so few of ours can be. Africa House, however, has many other good points, such as its fine arched entrance and its ample detail. The curious treatment of the corners of the building is less commendable. The detail throughout is a little heavy, and there is, too, a rather ill composed group of sculptured African beasts above the main cornice of the main facade, but these things are not sufficiently prominent to detract sculptured African beasts above the main cornice of the main façade, but these things are not sufficiently prominent to detract from the general air of straightforwardness, simplicity and efficiency which the building possesses. Indeed, it seems to me one of the best new buildings which has been erected in London for many years. It would not disgrace New York, where its ancestry certainly lies.

Kingsway House, on the right-hand side, is a mass of small columns and bay windows. There is now nothing good to look at on this side until we come to the Kodak Building, or on the other side until No. 42, by Sir Edwin Lutyens. Let

or on the other side until No. 42, by Sir Edwin Lutyens. Let us look at this latter building for a moment. It is, in the first place, a pure street front façade; but, as such, full of interest.



THE KODAK BUILDING. An eminently direct and truthful piece of work.

How the façade fits the floors behind one will not stop to enquire. Taking that for granted, it is, like all Sir Edwin Lutyens' work, very individual and interesting. The treatment of the ground and mezzanine floors has, no doubt, been suggested to him by Sin Micheli's gates through the city walls at Verona, but is, evertheless, very original in its application here. The rusticated ers, columns and flat arches make a rich base to the building, ers, columns and flat arches make a rich base to the building, hich contrasts well with the plain wall face above. On top the cornice are another couple of storeys full of interest and aracter, in which, by a multiplication of horizontal lines, fine adows and richnesses are obtained to balance those at the ase of the building. This little Italian façade gains still further istinction by the lamentable buildings on either side of it.

With Victory House, on the left-hand side of the street, we come to the first of the big peak backers required.

With Victory House, on the left-hand side of the street, we come to the first of the big new blocks, paying, as I think, a certain tribute to Sir John Burnet. This is a great columnar structure with metal infilling, but its columns do not begin till the third floor level. They are then included in a great architrave frame such as may be seen in some of the large doorways to Sir John's own buildings. Again, the setting back of the attic above the main cornice and the making thereby, with the roof, of a sort of belevdere is a motive he has frequently used. So much the better, of course. It adds very much quently used. So much the better, of course. It adds very much



MAGNET HOUSE.



No. 42, KINGSWAY.

to the horizontal effect always necessary in street architecture and corrects the vertical emphasis of the columns. Here, this roof treatment is enhanced by blue paint to the roof cornice, contrasting well with the brown pantiles above and below.

Magnet House, on the opposite side of the way, stands forth prominently, but is over-ornate. Its stonework, too,

tenor drowning a great orchestra or of a fur-coated impresario trampling through a sea of chorus girls. I think if the statues, which crowd the façade, were removed we should all admit this. These are so grotesque and bad that no one looks at the architecture. You stand and laugh at them as you would at waxworks and pass on. The building, however, is better than that. In Milan, where it really belongs, it would be a respectable part of no

that. In Milan, where it really belongs, it would be a respectable part of no mean city. Its strong basement, its plain surfaces, its big cornice, all speak the language of people accustomed both to grand opera and the grand

manner.

We now come to the series of large, somewhat similar blocks, all designed, I believe, in the prolific office of Messrs. Trehearne and Norman, and it is these blocks that give the strong modern flavour of the street. We cannot take them in detail. They are all variants of the same theme—columns square or round raised on a high basement of two or three storeys, with recessed attics above. Princes' House, on the right-hand side, with fluted columns, is a fine straightforward build-York House and Alexandra House, ing. on the left, with plain pilasters are equally effective, and so is Imperial House on the same side, while two similar blocks, each with a flat octagonal lantern feature on the roof, Shell House and Adastral House, close the street. Nevertheless, in spite of this noble array of great buildings, emanating from one office, and all with the same air of lightness and efficiency, one begins to doubt whether the solution adopted of long columns and windows occupying the whole space between is the right one after all. Where there is not room for both columns and wall surface, is it not better to give up the former? After all, the "hole in the wall" elevation is more logical than the temple front one for offices and light warehouses. What claim have offices and warehouses for a number of small tenants on the use of great columns? Africa House by the firm has shown what dignity and solidity there is in plain walling when pierced with apparently ample windows. A single one of these light columnar structures, when you first see it, is very effective. A mass of them, such as we have at this end of Kingsway, seems a little thin and theatrical. Although they little thin and theatrical. Although they have plenty of strong horizontal lines, such structures are not completely reposeful. With no unbroken surface there is nowhere for the eye to rest.

Fortunately, the two terminal blocks, Shell House and Adastral House, each with a large canted face and flat octagonal feature above the roof, are by the same firm. This firm has been able, therefore, to give to this end of the street a fine symmetrical finish, such, indeed, as no other street in London possesses. Now that the scaffold is down from the Bush Building on the opposite side of Aldwych and the great climax of the street is thereby exposed, we have here such a termination as hitherto only Paris could show. Those who have seen the drawings and the model know already that in the Bush Building

American capital and a great American architect (Mr. Corbett) are presenting London with a great structure which will not only appropriately crown our great new street with a fine terminal tower and end its vista with a great archway, but one which will by its strong masses and delicate detail set for us a new standard of refinement and restraint in our own commercial architecture.



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

In its present unfinished state. The tower has yet to be built.



AFRICA HOUSE.

One of the finest new buildings in London.

is so jointed that it gives the unfortunate appearance of glazed terra-cotta, a sad fall for a noble material like Portland Stone. The Public Trustee's Office, next Sardinia Street, is plain and straightforward enough, but lacking in character. This brings us to the Opera House and to the opposite extreme. Here there is no lack of character; very much the reverse. It is, of course, character of a swaggering type, that of some mighty

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OTHER PEOPLE'S **FIRES**

E have been told wistfully of the sadness of looking at happiness through other people's eyes, and Dante has something to say of the bitterness of climbing to happiness up other people's stairs, but one can get intense satisfaction out of other people's fires. If you gave me the choice between a book with good fire in it and one full of gay life, I would choose the former, if the fire were a solitary one after my own heart, with only the ghostly owner to bear me company, while I, too, shed mortality for the time being and sat beside it. I don't care to share even a book fire with too many companions.

One of my favourite firesides is in the East Room at Mansfield Park. The fire always burns brightly there now—but oh! those shivery winters when a fire was forbidden us by Mrs. Norris. The East Room had been the schoolroom until

Mrs. Norris. The East Room had been the schoolroom until the Miss Bertrams grew up, you remember.

The room had then become useless, and for some time was quite deserted, except by Fanny, when she visited her plants, or wanted one of the books, which she was still glad to keep there, from the deficiency of space and accommodation in her little chamber above; but gradually . . she spent more of her time there, and having nothing to oppose her, had so naturally and so artlessly worked herself into it that it was now generally admitted to be hers. . . Mrs. Norris, having stipulated for there never being a fire in it on Fanny's account, was tolerably resigned to her having the use of what nobody else wanted.

Here one sneezes and feels inclined to close the book—

Here one sneezes and feels inclined to close the bookbut wait!

I know all about the East Room and the position of the windows. I know how the plants stood on the window-sills, to take advantage of that sunshine which enabled Fanny to spend time there even in the winter. I know where every shabby piece of furniture stood—" the footstool of Julia's work, too ill done for the drawing room," the table that was covered with work-boxes and netting boxes, given her at different times by careless Cousin Tom. And every time I read the book I thrill as the pompous steps of Sir Thomas draw near the chilly room. I find it one of the most powerful scenes in fiction.

the most powerful scenes in fiction.

Stopping short as he entered, he said with much surprise, "Why have you no fire to-day?"

There was snow on the ground and Fanny was sitting in a shawl. She hesitated.

"I am not cold, sir. I never sit here long at this time of year."

"But you have a fire in general?"

"No, sir."

"How comes this about? Here must be some mistake. I understood that you had the use of this room by way of making you perfectly comfortable. In your bed-chamber I know you cannot have a fire. Here is some great misapprehension that must be rectified. It is highly unfit for you to sit, be it only half an hour a day, without a fire. You are not strong. You are chilly. Your aunt cannot be aware of this."

A great misapprehension which must be rectified! Could anything be better expressed? When Sir Thomas leaves the

anything be better expressed? When Sir Thomas leaves the room, however, it is in cold displeasure, for even he cannot persuade his gentle little niece to marry that eligible Mr. Crawford. And Fanny weeps. But I, foreseeing the fire-lit future, know that, nevertheless, he bears without abuse the grand old name of gentleman, and I skip a page or two hurriedly until Fanny returns from her walk and goes into the East Room.

A fire! It seemed too much. Just at that time to be giving her such an indulgence was exciting even painful gratitude. . . . She soon found from the voluntary information of the housemaid, who came in to attend to it, that so it was to be every day. Sir Thomas had given orders for it.

So now, when I join Fanny in the East Room, there is always a blazing, dancing fire. Aha! Mrs. Norris.

If I am not sitting by Fanny's fire you will probably find me in Eugénie de Guérin's chambrette or possibly by the kitchen fire in the same old château of Le Cayla. Do many people know this quietly enchanting book, this Journal written

for an adored brother, which gives such exquisite pictures of ordered country days and of a very gracious hidden life?.

Eugénie's Journal is, of course, fact, not fiction, but no lot could be more different than life at a Mansfield Park, and at this little remote *château* in Languedoc, where there was no stout comfortable housekeeper, and no well trained maids to save delicate fingers from work, and where Eugenie, poet and highborn damozel, spent her busy, uneventful years, praying, writing,

born damozel, spent her busy, uneventful years, praying, writing, sewing, cooking and hanging snowy linen out to dry.

I first found Eugénie in Matthew Arnold's very beautiful essay on her Journal. I am, of course, less than the dust on Matthew Arnold's books, but by this time I know Eugénie even better than he does. For I have spent such hours beside the fire in her bedroom, her "délicieuse chambrette"—and when she jumps out of bed on an icy morning and finds a little glowing spark and coaxes it into a little flame . . . oh the triumph! And I have helped her to sew and cook, and feed the hens, and with her have hung out the linen in the and feed the hens, and with her have hung out the linen in the

wind. (" C'est cependant assez joli que détendre du linge blanc sur l'herbe ou de le voir flotter sur des cordes. On est, si l'on veut, la Nausicaa d'Homère.")

For a long time I did not know what a fusée was. too much trouble to look for a dictionary, so *fusée* after *fusée* did Eugénie achieve unaided by me, though, as I said, I helped her most competently in her other duties, even assisting at the washing of her gown in the stream.

Eugenie died in 1848, but to this day I wander with her through the radiance of the magical springs of the South, or hang out of the window of her *chambrette* in the wintry midnight, watching the stars.

But it is at the fireside that she is at her best.

How pleasant it is, (she writes,) when rain falls from the sky with a soft little noise, to be by the fireside, to hold the tongs and make sparks! That was my amusement a little while ago. I love it: the sparks are so pretty! They are the flowers of the chimney. Really one sees charming things happen in the ashes, and when I am not busy I amuse myself by watching the changing pictures of the hearth. There are a thousand little faces in the embers, which come and go, grow, change, disappear, sometimes angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows . . . And do listen to this little whisper which sometimes comes from underneath the embers, like a tiny voice singing. singing.

The passion of Eugénie's life (after religion) was writing. Her pen, she says, was as a lover to her. Once (possibly oftener) she stayed up all night writing. "Si Papa le savait!" Yet from time to time she had scruples, not about staying up all night, but about writing at all. Writing poetry, she felt, might even be wasting time—considered in the light of Eternity.

"J'ai renoncé à la poésie," whispers Eugénie from her side of the hearth "mais le sacrifice m'a d'autant plus coûté qu'en

of the hearth, "mais le sacrifice m'a d'autant plus coûté qu'en abandonnant la poésie, la poésie ne m'a pas abandonnée."

"O Eugénie!" I breathe, "I know! I've sometimes felt I ought to give up writing too. But one can't—when it's once got hold of one. It's—it's like drink."

got hold of one. It's—it's like arms.

The gentle ghost opposite looks rather startled.

"C'est mon signe de vie que d'écrire, comme à la fontaine de couler," she agrees with equal fervour but greater elegance. Charlotte Brontë had delightful fires. "We talked over the clear bright fire," writes Mrs. Gaskell. "It is a cold country, and the fires were a pretty, warm, dancing light all over the house.'
So I sit by Charlotte's pretty fire in her parlour where
"the prevailing colour of the room is crimson, to make a warm

setting for the cold, grey landscape without."

"O Charlotte," I say, "I'm so glad you liked wind!"

"But why?" asks she.

"Because there's so much of it here and you had so few things you liked in your life. I used to think," I went on, "that your moor was more desolate than any other moor—one gets that impression. I imagined it a vast waste of withered heather with here and there a blasted tree. Until one spring when I went there myself—I did really, in the flesh. I went up to Emily's waterfall. The sunshine was glorious. The larks were singing, and the gnats were humming—I have felt happier about you all ever since. You must often have seen the moor as I saw it that day. Even in Haworth there is a summer for every winter. Charlotte, have you ever been really happy?" Charlotte, have you ever been really happy?

Charlotte looks surprised.

I have so often wondered," I say diffidently. "When you were all at home together, sometimes, in your young grownuphood . . . when Ellen Nussey came to stay with you, you know . . . and it was summer and you all went out on the moors—well, weren't you sometimes happy then?"

Charlotte says of course she was.

"And reversifier? It."

"And never after? It all seems so grey afterwards." "Oh, yes...in Brussels sometimes...the first time."

"And hever area." The sometimes...the first time."

"And hever area." The first time."

"And hever area." The sometimes...the first time."

"And hever area."

Charlotte smiles and sighs.

"And afterwards, when fame came—it did mean something to you, didn't it? Through loneliness and depression and ill-

to you, didn't it? Infough foneliness and depression and inhealth—it was something?"

"It came too late. Those who would have cared most were dead."

"Alas, I know! But failure would have been worse in your loneliness. Was fame nothing to you? I only ask because I have been so unhappy in your unhappiness."

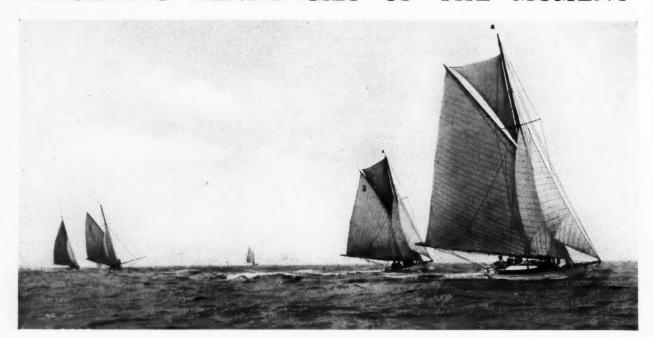
Charlotte admits that it did make life less weary.

The fire falls together with a musical little noise and the room grows darker.

"About Emily," I say, confidentially. "For I have always longed to know...there was a poem of hers..."

But Charlotte says she would rather not talk about Emily.

YACHTING TENDENCIES OF THE MOMENT



REACHING HOME TO THE FINISH.

URING the past few months there has been active enquiry for small yachts of the 10-ton order, this concensus of demand indicating quite clearly that such is the probable line of development. No sport has been hit harder by the war than yachting, nor has there been one slower in recovery than that which ministers to the instincts of a race whose position in the world was first gained by enterprise on the ocean. During the stress of war those who, for sporting or other motives, had in earlier years mastered the practice of seamanship discovered that their services were in keen demand; and, although the tasks set were strenuously exacting, the life was always congenial. To-day we find that yachting, as formerly carried on, is beyond the means of all but the most wealthy; yet, as the old yearning returns, each class seeks on some lower plane a means of again indulging its well remembered delights.

The trend already noted suggests that the 10-ton cruising and racing yacht is the outcome of many cogitations, mostly on the part of those who formerly favoured vessels around the 30-ton class. Many of these craft were broken up during the war, the lead of their keels being utilised for shrappel

30-ton class. Many of these craft were broken up during the war, the lead of their keels being utilised for shrapnel bullets, while their sails fetched more than the new price. The hulk and its fittings had little or no value, but the destruction process was carried to its remorseless end. Few there are who would have back these stately craft, riding as light as swans on the water, but demanding their crew of five to seven, and involving heavy charges for the annual refit. They positively ate up money as we value the commodity to-day.

Why, one may ask, is there any particular tonnage which expresses the *ne plus ultra* of racing cruiser yachting? The answer turns on the duties that are required. First of all, there must be cabin accommodation for the owner and his chosen intimate, whether it be partner or casually invited friend. Then the crew must be sufficiently housed; and, finally, the tout ensemble must be capable of taking a worthy part in the races which form the wine of expert sailing. No mere racing machine would suffice, since the owner could not live aboard, being forced to seek quarters ashore during the one ultra-crowded week of each regatta centre. The club house is always overfilled on such occasions,

while the hotels usually overflow into none too nice private dwellings. Some yachtsmen, no doubt, are so happily situated that they can proceed by road from their own homes; but this is a poor standby, because some of the best yachting coasts are so deeply indented by estuaries as to injure their accessibility from the hinterland. Besides all this, the secondary joy of sailing is residence on the water, homely fare converted into ravishing delicacies by a sea appetite, the long yarns before turning in, the morning plunge into stinging water, such breakfasts as no inland chef can prepare, with over all a zest about the whole thing which no catalogue of creature comforts, seasoned as they are with agreeable discomforts, can possibly explain. Yachting is yachting, and there every definition ends.

Let us take by contrast the gorgeously appointed mansion, its sunny aspect, its engaging outlook, the tennis courts, hothouses, reception rooms, billiard table and whatnot else, including the company that there foregathers. Everything is planned

Let us take by contrast the gorgeously appointed mansion, its sunny aspect, its engaging outlook, the tennis courts, hothouses, reception rooms, billiard table and whatnot else, including the company that there foregathers. Everything is planned on the principle of heaven upon earth, and yet no part of it appeals to the spirit of adventure, the desire for strife and effort, thrills and excitement. Dwelling therein brings on a yearning for the atmosphere of camp,

thrills and excitement. Dwelling therein brings on a yearning for the atmosphere of camp, caravan or boat where man returns to the conditions of an existence depending on his own exertions. Thus the lavishly wrought home, while it appeals to everything that is sedate and orderly in our composition—also to the spirit of family ties honourably met—at certain seasons stimulates to the point of rebellion the craving for more vigorous effort.

Nobody has yet fully explained the satisfaction of wearing old clothes, of donning grey flannel trousers baggy at knee and bearing many a cherished stain, the reefer jacket that once was new! Clad in such costume, to come ashore after a buffeting sail, to visit the local hostelry, drink beer out of pots, to order, maybe, a civilised meal and afterwards to wander among mean, rather than picturesque, habitations, meeting in person the heroes of W.W. Jacobs. For the bachelor not yet settled down such relief from elderly civilisation has charms that must not be denied him; for the married man who has completed the first period of willing thraldom it spells happy relief from more serious preoccupations. And even then we must never forget the sensible enthusiast who sees



RUNNING BEIOFE THE WIND: BOW VIEW.



ON THE WIND.

no need to dress like a tramp for the enjoyment of yachting, who simply chooses appropriate garb from a well filled wardrobe, skilled valeting in due course restoring the crease in the trousers and relieving them of the consequences of sundry collisions with oleaginous matter.

The main business of the moment being to visualise the type of craft which satisfies the somewhat technical requirements involved, we need no longer dwell upon the more human aspects of yachting. For a start we may mention, more or less with a

of yachting. For a start, we may mention, more or less with a view to its dismissal from serious thought, the pure cruising vessel, which is shaped more or less after the fashion of a comfortable slipper, endowed with a roomy cabin and cockpit, and



RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND STERN VIEW.

possessing forward a liberal measure of accommodation for the sailor tribe. A fine promenade deck, varnished and glittering cabin tops, all the appurtenances suggest and realise sailing sublime; but, of course, such vessels are of the type that go a long way in a long time. In races they look pretty and help furnish the picture, but on strict rating concede starts to rivals which can sail round them sail round them.

sail round them.

If serious sailing is to be indulged, there must be compromise, not compromise of the objectionable order, but of the kind which lists desirable qualities and seeks the best balancing of opposing requirements. First and foremost to-day is the question of cost. There must be a skipper; his wages would be £3 a week during the season, with £1 a week winter retainer. Many first-class men would jump at the chance of resuming their beloved occupation on such terms, hence that detail is settled. The second hand is of the type which fishes and does other odd seafaring work in the winter: he is efficient and easy to get, being only too glad to face the winter with the summer's yachting savings in hand. The third necessary member of the crew is the owner, and the fourth a casually hired hand for the occasion of races. This approximately is the minimum, and a great of races. This approximately is the minimum, and a great saving it represents on the five and more hands that had to be rood, the annual refit, and all other outgoings are proportionate to the above-listed crew and tonnage—in a word, the scale on which post-war yachting must be conducted in the majority of

As to type of ship, that is a question which is occupying the care of designers at the present time. Whatever the precise solution may be, its cost just about runs into four figures, a sum As to type of simp, that is a question which is occupying the care of designers at the present time. Whatever the precise solution may be, its cost just about runs into four figures, a sum considerable in itself, but probably one-quarter that of materially larger ambitions. Bearing in mind the thirty or forty year career of a well built yacht, a considerable part of the first cost is but a lock-up of capital. However, to turn to actual facts, let us take as example the Ayesha, which is a serious attempt to materialise the new type of craft. She was built by the Aldous yard at Brightlingsea with special reference to East Coast conditions of sailing. During last season, which was her first, she engaged in some spirited races, finally winning the Essex Cup and so justifying the principles adopted by her designer. As in all pioneer work, the concrete experience gained by practical tests has suggested useful modifications in her structure, which doubtless will be incorporated in the design of any successor that may be called for. Other ideas will come with the further experience thence gained, but that is the way of all progress. Meanwhile, the type, as formulated, stands as a racing ro-ton cruiser, and no wealth of description will equal the series of views which show her on the water. Suffice, therefore, to say that she was built to Lloyds 15 A 1 class, has a length of 39ft. over all, is 27ft. on the water line, with a beam of 8ft. 6ins. and a draught of 5ft. 4ins. This last is important, because much of her work must be done in waters where a greater submergence would hamper freedom of manœuvre. She carries 950 sq. ft. of canvas, so, all told, might reasonably be expected to hold her own in handicap racing, with, perhaps, a bias favouring light breezes.

Where the type may be expected to progress as time supplies additional data to work upon is in the matter of lines. Our illustration of the Ayesha when out of the water reveals a bold treatment of her lines which suggests rather the racing specialist than the cab

foot beyond racing necessities. Stiffness under a breeze Stiffness combined with gripping power in the water receives its highest speciali-sation in the half-decker; on the other hand, the oppor-tunities presented by the wider beam merit detailed exploration in regard to under-water form, but here we must leave to experts the settlement of these ques-tions. What is sufficiently clear at the moment is that financial and other limits fix ten tons as the basis for designer's pencil. M. B.



HER UNDER-WATER FORM.



Though history rights itself in the long run, men have owed their eminence to fortunate circumstance or adroit advertisement, and architects are more particularly liable to these caprices of fame, inasmuch as their works are stationary—that is, they cannot be exhibited in galleries, and their merits or demerits have to be taken on faith. Such a building, for instance, as the old Bethlehem Hospital, or the Town Hall at Abingdon, would not have disgraced the architect of Chelsea Hospital. Yet the names of their designers are unknown, and some of by no means the least attractive buildings of the eighteenth century are by unknown men.

Thus Sir Reginald Blomfield in his "History," and true as it is of many houses belonging to the greater periods of domestic

Thus Sir Reginald Blomfield in his "History," and true as it is of many houses belonging to the greater periods of domestic architecture, it applies multitudinously to houses of the nineteenth century. The latter, however, are of far less consequence, since so many of these houses, especially those produced during the second half of the century, were merely deplorable specimens; and it is therefore merciful to the memory of their architects that, though the houses remain, their authors' names have gone into limbo.

The account of the house with which we are now concerned begins with Victorian days. It would seem to have been a house of the 'forties, when things were going to the dogs, but had not yet reached the consummation that was achieved two or three decades later. The house stood on a piece of high ground at Townhill, a couple of miles to the north-east of Southampton. It was a four-square house, with cement pilasters running up from ground to eaves level, and having on the side overlooking the garden a pair of bay windows of that roomy, dull kind which was characteristic of the period. This house was acquired by the present Lord Swaythling in the years before the war. The intention then was to extend it from one end in order to provide additional accommodation, and so make it serve as a small country house. Mr. L. Rome Guthrie was the architect commissioned to carry out the work. A scheme was prepared and proceeded with, but when it was well on the way to completion, certain events occurred which demanded a drastic alteration; in particular, more bedrooms were demanded, and in due course were provided; and at a little later date the architect was called upon to work out a second scheme of reconstruction and addition. But the advent of the war put an end to this project, and it was not till 1920 that it was taken up again, and brought to completion in 1922. In this way the little dull house of the 'forties has been transformed into a country house of considerable size.

In studying any architectural work and especially in

In studying any architectural work, and especially in studying a house which has been altered and enlarged in the manner just indicated, it is essential to a proper estimate that one should know why certain things were done, and under what



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1.—ENTRANCE FRONT AND FORECOURT.



2.—MUSIC ROOM FROM THE ENTRANCE END.



Copyright

3.-LOOKING ACROSS THE MUSIC ROOM FROM THE FIREPLACE END. "COUNTRY LIFE."

conditions they had to be done; otherwise, in looking at the finished work, one may come to quite a wrong conclusion about some feature of planning, reconstruction or embellishment. Thus, in looking at the plan of Townhill Park, it is necessary to bear in mind that this was not one single thought-out scheme, but three—the original house and Mr. Guthrie's two enlargements of it. Yet, all has been done so that the plan becomes integral, with the principal rooms on the ground floor conveniently placed in regard to one another and to the service, and with a commodious arrangement of bedrooms on the first floor.

The approach to the house is by a private road which leads up from South Stoneham, where the first Lord Swaythling had his house. After traversing an avenue and some pasture we come to the forecourt. The house on this side is seen to shallow projecting dormers. No doubt, if Mr. Guthrie had been designing a new house having the present accommodation, he would have been able to contrive matters so that the whole of the entrance front would have presented a symmetrical face, with one wing exactly balancing the other—and considered in conformity with the principles of Palladianism this would have given a completely satisfying result; but, as has been explained, the conditions which the architect had to face were entirely different: he was not making a new house; he was making the best of an old one, and experiencing the added difficulties of changes in the requirements when the work was actually in process of being carried out. Nevertheless, despite these limitations, his work is notably successful.

The forecourt is enclosed in front by a low stone balustrade, sweeping up to a pair of urn-crowned piers, whose structure



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4.—BOUDOIR CHIMNEYPIECE.

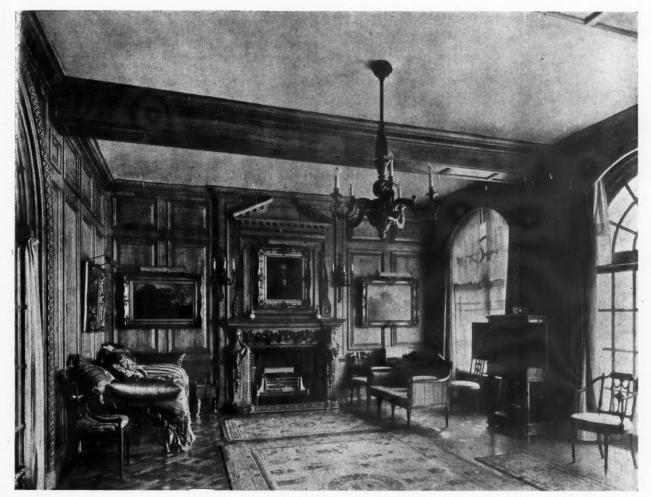
"COUNTRY LIFE."

comprise a central pedimented block with a wing extending to right and left. It will be noted that the façades of the two wings are not alike, the fenestration being entirely different, though the same ridge-line is maintained across the whole front. The older wing, to the right of the central block, has two rows of shuttered windows, spaced equally apart and symmetrically set above one another, with wide projecting eaves and low-pitched roof. But the necessity of providing a large music room in the wing to the left of the centre block made a repetition of this façade impossible, for the music room occupies more than half the total height of the house, and demanded windows of a size proportionate to this height; and, as reasonable economy demanded that the remaining space above should not be wasted, it was arranged that servants' bedrooms should occupy the space, the roof on this side being treated as a mansard, with

is carried across to enclose an arched opening, filled by an iron gate. The balustrade continues on either side, framing in the ends of the forecourt, the house being backed on the left by some fine old trees, and having on the right an opening to the gardens and lawns.

the gardens and lawns.

The central block is pierced at ground-floor level by the three arched openings of an entrance loggia, which is here contrived. This feature is not only interesting in itself, but is admirable both from the point of view of host and guest. There are three pairs of swing doors in the loggia opening into the hall, on the further side of which, and in line with the central opening to the loggia, is Lady Swaythling's boudoir. To the left of the hall a lobby, with cloak room on one side of it and gun room on the other, leads through to the music room, while to the right, axially in line with the lobby, a wide



Copyright.

5.—GENERAL VIEW OF BOUDOIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



6.—END WALL OF BOUDOIR, SHOWING ORIGINAL DOORCASE ADAPTED TO CHINA CABINET.

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Copyright. 7.—ENTRANCE HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

The mantelpiece is an old one, painted a soft green tone, and the same tone is continued on the panelling.



Copyright. 8.—MANTELPIECE IN SMOKING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."

French workmanship, apparently of early nineteenth-century date.

corridor gives access to an inner hall, from which one reaches the smokingroom, the garden room and the diningroom.

The entrance hall has an old wood mantel of the kind which Chambers loved to design, refined in its lines, with delicate swags and floral ornament on the frieze. The mantel is painted a soft green colour, with its mouldings of a broken cream tone, and this colour scheme is continued in the panelling on the hall walls and in the corridor beyond. The floor is laid with parquet in herringbone pattern and is overspread with a blue Chinese rug having an Elizabethan table in the centre, while on either side of the doorway to the boudoir are a pair of Nankin Mandarin jars with covers, 38ins. high, painted with figures, land-scapes and buildings in medallions on a trellis ground. They are Kang-He, formerly in the Alton Towers collection.

The boudoir is a particularly charming room, and therefore appropriate to its use as Lady Swaythling's own reception room. The walls are covered for their whole height with old panelling, which came from Chantry House in Nottinghamshire. Three views of it are given as Figs. 4, 5 and 6. It will be seen that there are series of long central secretary with abellow, panels above and panels with shallow panels above and below, the cornice being delicately dentilled. At one side is a chimneypiece having carved termes on either side of the opening (reminiscent of those on the Carrington House mantelpiece, now at South Kensington), with a floral frieze in high relief across. Above the shelf is a square panel, its surrounding egg-and-tongue moulding being taken out beyond the panel line at the top corners, in customary eighteenth century style, and having a slender oval scroll on either side at the bottom, the whole being crowned by a broken pediment. This panelling apparently of pine This panelling, apparently of pine, was, no doubt, originally painted. As now seen at Townhill Park, after having been pickled and slightly wax polished, it exhibits the mellow colour of old wood and makes a fitting background for the many fine paintings which are hung upon it. These paintings include several Dutch pictures. There is one by Pieter de Hooghe, of an interior with a woman nursing a child. Another is by N. Maes, of a Dutch interior with a pump in a kitchen. Another is by J. Van Ruysdael, of a watermill with two men opening the sluice. In the centre panel over the fireplace is a Raeburn, a portrait of the artist himself in brown coat and white stock; and to the right is a landscape by Hobbema. The furniture in the room includes a pair of rare cabinets on stands, set against the piers between the windows; and there are some fine specimens of English satinwood furniture, with a large divan overspread with multitudinous cushions in one corner. The floor is of parquet with Chinese rugs upon it, and from the centre of the ceiling hangs a wood chandelier. It should be noted that the arched doorways of this room were in existence before the panelling was acquired; and since it was impossible to put the original door-way in position as a doorway, an ingenious use of it, as a framing to a china cupboard on the wall opposite the fire-place, was devised. Reference to Fig. 6 will show how successful is the result. n e, n-te

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he it rnna e-6 lt. The general tone of this room is brown, soft and restful.

The music room, as will be seen from Figs. 2 and 3, is a very fine room admirably proportioned—50ft. long, 30%, wide and about 20ft. high. Its accustics, too, are excellent, though precisely why it would be difficult to say, for acoustics belong to the vagaries of architecture, so that one room constructed according to rule makes an admirable room for sound, while another. ad mirable room for sound, while another, seemingly very much the same, is bad for sound. The music room at Townhill Park is entirely panelled with English walnut, and as an example of modern joinery and craftsmanship does great credit to those who fashioned it. There are long figured panels extending from dado to frieze, with fluted Coristhian columns correign a complete inthian columns carrying a complete entablature.

The whole of the woodwork is wax polished, with the exception of the capitals to the columns, which are left untouched. A noble room in itself, it is made more so by the magnificent pictures and rare furniture which are to be seen in it; and, with regard to the pictures, it is noteworthy how these have affected the wall treatment. this room, again, the main structural work had been completed when new requirements came into being and de-manded adjustment. On reference to Fig. 1 it will be seen that there are five Fig. 1 it will be seen that there are five long windows on the front, but, actually, only three appear inside the room, the two end ones having been changed into dummies. This was done to provide more wall space on which to hang certain pictures which had not originally been contemplated in the scheme. They are the pictures on the flanking walls at the ends of the room. Another alteration of the original scheme is to be noted at the entrance end of the room. be noted at the entrance end of the room. Originally the pair of doors to the left were in exact alignment with the centre of the corridor, but at this end of the room Turner's "Mercury and Herse" had to be set, and the width of this picture necessitated the doorway being picture necessitated the doorway being moved to the left, so that sufficient wall space could be provided. The corresponding pair of doors to the right of the picture, seen in Fig. 3, are not quite what they seem, as they open only to a music cupboard, but this treatment of them as a balancing feature was wholly justifiable, since in a symmetrical design of this kind balanced repetition is in the essence of the design. the design.

balanced repetition is in the essence of the design.

The chimneypiece in the music room is of verde antique marble, with Irish green panels, and over it is set Reynolds' portrait of Captain Winter standing by his horse, painted in 1759. Flanking it to the right is a portrait of a man in armour by Van Dyck, and to the left a portrait of a lady in a dark brown dress with a ruff, by P. de Moya. The other pictures in this room are constable's "Stratford Mill on the Stour near Bergholt," painted in 1820; two by Gainsborough—"The Harvest Waggon" and a pastoral scene with cattle; and "The Hillside Farm," by John Linnell, senior.

Of the furniture it is not possible now to speak in any detail, and it must suffice to say that the pieces include some fine specimens of English chairs of the Chippendale period, a splendid coromandel screen,

period, a splendid coromandel screen,



copyright.

-CHIPPENDALE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—QUEEN ANNE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

11.—LADY SWAYTHLING'S BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





12.—TWO ARMCHAIRS OF CHIPPENDALE PERIOD IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.

and a side-table of the George II period which is regarded as one of the finest specimens of its kind. There is also as one of the finest specimens of its kind. There is also in the music room a grille or screen of painted and gilt iron, composed of six upright openwork panels with shields and plaques along the top having paintings in red, representing The Circumcision, The Flight into Egypt, The Nativity, The Road to Calvary, The Crucifixion, The Pieta and The Entombment, with receptacles for candles behind. It is French workmanship of the Louis XIV period.

The floor (admirable for dancing, when the room is used as a ballroom) is laid with parquet in Versailles pattern, and from the centre of the ceiling hangs a lustre chandelier. About the whole room there is an air of elegance which the photographs faithfully record, but which only a personal sight can fully

faithfully record, but which only a personal sight can fully appreciate.

Of the other rooms on the ground floor, the three on the garden front call for a brief note, though there is no occasion

to write at length about them. The chief feature in the smoking - room is the mantelpiece, shown by Fig. 8. It is of French workmanship, apparently of early nineteenth century date, the interior, with its hob grate, embellished with anthemion ornament and claw feet of Empire character. In this room hangs George Morland's "The Post - Boy's Return" Return.

The garden room, adjoining, is a very pleasant room, having white walls with window hangings of a claret rose tone; and white, too, are the walls in the third room on this front, the dining-room. Its furniture includes a pair of Georgian urn-crowned pedestals on either side of a side-table, and in one corner there is a wonderful old long-case clock.

The staircase at Townhill Park is not an outstanding feature. It is just a pleasant oak staircase designed on familiar lines, its wall hung with a piece of seventeenth-century Brussels tapestry, showing Solomon building the Temple.



13.—GEORGE II SIDE-TABLE IN MUSIC-ROOM.

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Of the first-floor accommodation it is perhaps best to let the accompanying photographs of three representative bedrooms speak for themselves, adding that everything has been very conveniently arranged, not least in the matter of the bathrooms and hot-and-cold fitments. A special note needs to be made about these. In the two principal bathrooms there are sunk baths, and Mr. Guthrie has displayed much ingenuity in their construction and treatment. One of the baths is oval in form, of reinforced concrete, with a shelf around on which one may sit. The lining of the bath gave occasion for much thought. In the end it was lined with glass mosaic, finished to a perfectly smooth surface. The mosaic enabled the contours to be followed without abruptness, and it is continued on the walls. Its predominant colour is turquoise blue, but this colour is shot with so many other colours that the effect is iridescent. There is, however, nothing at all assertive, yet the appearance is very gay.

In the other principal bathroom, glass tessaræ have also been used, but instead of forming the whole lining, they are used only as a surround to the bath itself, being carried down also to form a border to the floor, which is

laid with slabs of cork.

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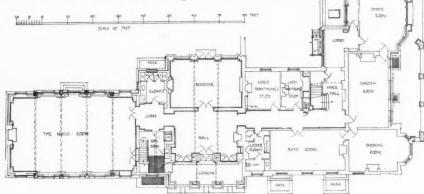
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The hot-and-cold water fitments in the bedrooms are of table form and have plate-glass tops to protect the wood. Generally with fitments of this kind, unless some special means is taken to prevent it, the wood surface is likely to become spoiled by water getting in between the joint around the basin. The expedient here adopted to overcome this defect was to paint a slight border line on the underside of the glass, around the basin and at the edges, and then to bed the glass down on red lead. Thus, while a tight joint is formed, there is no indication of what has been done. R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL & THE WAR*

N spite of the cartloads of literature that have been turned out upon the subject of the war, Mr. Winston Churchill's book is as fresh and interesting as if it came first instead of last into the field. This is due as much to the energy and literary power of the writer as to the matter set forth. The book will probably be criticised for its extreme egotism, although that is one of its most valuable qualities. Anyone who studies the various parts played by Mr. Winston Churchill in the war will have attained a good idea of an event which, in comparison with other events, towers like some high and massive mountain top. Mr. Churchill was in the centre of the picture before the war actually started. During the period covered by his book, 1911-14, he was, in the words of the Royal Letters Patent and Orders in Council, "responsible to Crown and Parliament for all the business of the Admiralty." The office had been offered him in a very informal way by Mr. Asquith. The Prime Minister, as he was then, was staying in Scotland with Mr. Churchill as his guest, and as they went home from the links "he asked me quite abruptly whether I would like to go to the Admiralty. He had put the same question to me when he first became Prime Minister." The offer seems to have been very promptly accepted, and Mr. Churchill, in what appears to be a new character, derived encouragement from a large Bible that lay on a table in his bedroom. He opened the Book at random, and the sibylline leaf was found in Chapter IX of Deuteronomy, beginning:

Hear, O Israel: Thou art to pass over Jordan this day, to go in to possess nations greater and mightier than thyself, cities great and fenced up to heaven.

By this time (1911) the leading members of the British Government seemed to have become aware of the danger lying ahead which thinking men had beheld advancing nearer and nearer for at least a quarter of a century. It is confessed by our author that the Chief of Staff had already studied the matter carefully. In this respect he pays a well deserved tribute to Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who for years had been labouring with one object—that if war came we should act immediately on the side of France. The whole wall of his small room was covered by a gigantic map of Belgium. When sent for to set forth the view of the General Staff:

Standing by his enormous map, specially transported for the purpose, he unfolded, with what proved afterwards to be extreme accuracy, the German plan for attacking France in the event of a war between Germany and Austria on the one hand and France and Russia on the other.

There was in the mind of that officer no doubt whatever in regard to the German plan. In the conversation:

Overwhelming evidence was adduced to show that the Germans had made every preparation for marching through Belgium. The great military camps in close proximity to the frontier, the enormous

depots, the reticulation of railways, the endless sidings, revealed with the utmost clearness and beyond all doubt their design.

Obviously, it was in vain to try to arrest Germany's design when her mind was made up so fully in regard to it. Mr. Churchill gives a fine and comprehensive analysis

Mr. Churchill gives a fine and comprehensive analysis of what passed in the mind of our Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Grey—or Sir Edward Grey as he was then. After telling of the admiration with which he watched his activities at the Foreign Office and cool skill in Council, he goes on to say that after profound reflection and study it was the Foreign Secretary's habit to select one or two points in any important controversy and defend them with all his resources and tenacity. The first of these was the plan for a European conference.

If the Government had succeeded in getting the Great Powers together, with Britain there to struggle for peace, war would have been avoided; but even the most reasonable persuasion could not move men whose minds were fully made up. What our author calls "a deep tide of calculated military purpose" could not be turned aside so easily. The second cardinal point of the Foreign Secretary was that, whatever happened, the German Fleet could not be allowed to steam down the Channel in order to attack the French Fleet. That principle was completely adopted by the British Cabinet, and several years before the outbreak of war British ships had been assembled in the North Sea, so that they were ready and waiting for any attempt on the part of the German High Sea Fleet to issue from the Kiel Canal.

Mr. Winston Churchill does not believe that any previous announcement of our intention in certain circumstances to support France would have had any effect; for one thing, the Cabinet of the day would not have supported the proposal of a formal alliance with France and Russia, and if it had been united the House of Commons would not have accepted its guidance. The conclusion reached by analysis is that "by taking such a course in 1912, Sir Edward Grey would only have paralysed Britain, isolated France, and increased the preponderant and growing power of Germany." He is equally just to France, and says that "the conduct of her Government at this awful juncture was faultless." Even if that country had been willing to bow to German wishes, the Government of the Kaiser had determined that she should go through the dishonour of giving up the fortresses of Toul and Verdun. It is impossible to deny the justice of Mr. Churchill's conclusion that "the Germans had resolved that if war came from any cause, they would take and break France forthwith as its first operation." When the inevitable happened, it spoke much for Sir Henry Wilson's foresight and precautions that the Germans did not know of the crossing of our first contingent till they met our soldiers in battle. On the other hand, it is plain now that the reverses inflicted on the Entente Powers were due entirely to the French not recognising the necessity.

of countering the great blow which Germany had prepared to strike through Belgium. The passion for recovering Alsace-Lorraine seems to have blinded the leaders to the imperative necessity of checking the German march through Belgium. It was an error that very nearly led to the occupation of Paris and the general failure of the defensive.

Mr. Churchill carries his narrative a little further than the dates on the cover of his book indicate, but he has nothing new or very vital to say about the operations by which Von Spee was finally overwhelmed near the Falkland Islands. It is curious to note that here, as in other accounts written by civilian officials, the officer, Sir Doveton Sturdee, who did

the real fighting, receives less credit than is his due. However, in respect of those matters to which we have alluded, Mr. Winston Churchill's narrative is clear and moderate. One cannot feel, however, that he has justified his action in regard to the Dardanelles and Antwerp, or even in regard to the loss of the three cruisers, Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue. In war nothing succeeds but success, and the most skilful argument cannot gloss over failure so as to make it appear anything but what it is. In warfare it is necessary to be prepared against possibilities as well as probabilities.

* The World Crisis, 1911-1914, by Winston S. Churchill C.H. (Thornton Butterworth.)

RESEARCH ON ANIMAL DISEASES

PREVENTION VERSUS CURE.

By Professor T. B. Wood.

N discussing this question, a rough estimate of the capital invested in the various kinds of livestock will be a great assistance. The census of our animal population, taken by the Ministry of Agriculture annually on June 4th, shows that the number of horses on farms in the United Kingdom last year was approximately 1,900,000. This figure does not include what may be called trade and pleasure horses, of the number of which it is extremely difficult to form a reliable estimate. No recent census is available; but, allowing for the decrease which has taken place since the last enumeration, it is unlikely that trade and pleasure horses in the United Kingdom number more than about half a million. If this is correct, the total horse population of the United Kingdom is probably about 2½ millions.

It is difficult to estimate the average value per head of this population, for the value of a horse may vary from some thousands of pounds, in the case of a thoroughbred, to the mere value of the hide, in the case of a worn-out farm horse. Thoroughbreds and pedigree animals, however, scarcely affect the estimate, for the total number of pedigree horses of all breeds does not exceed 52,000, or about 2 per cent. of the total horse population. Assuming a per head value of £25, the capital invested in horses in the United Kingdom amounts to £62,500,000.

in the United Kingdom amounts to £62,500,000.

The census figure for cattle last year was 11,900,000.

Again it is difficult to suggest a reliable figure for the average value per head. Assuming that it is £15, the total capital invested in cattle is £178,500,000.

Last June there were 24,300,000 sheep in the United Kingdom. This is a maximum rather than an average figure, for on Census Day, June 4th, the lambing season is just over, and the monthly slaughter of, say, three-quarters of a million sheep has not yet greatly decreased the maximum. The average number of sheep during the year is probably much nearer 20 millions, which at some such price as £3 per head gives the capital invested in sheep as £60,000,000.

Pigs are still more difficult to deal with, for the census

Pigs are still more difficult to deal with, for the census figure of 3,600,000 gives no sort of measure of the value of the pig population. Pigs breed so quickly and are killed so young that the annual number slaughtered greatly exceeds the total number in the country on Census Day, and there seems to be no reliable way of correcting this anomaly. For lack of a better estimate, we must assume the capital value of the pigs in the United Kingdom to be 3,600,000 animals at £4 per head, or £14,400,000.

These figures may be tabulated as follows:

PROVIMATE CARITAL VALUE OF LIVESTOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDON

PROXIMATE	CAPITAL	VALUE	Or	1/1	AESTOCK	114	ITIE	CMITED ININGDO
Horses								£62,500,000
Cattle	 				4.4			178,500,000
Sheep	 							60,000,000
Pigs .								14,400,000

All these animals are liable to the attacks of disease, which for the present purpose may be divided into three classes. In one class may be included diseases and ailments caused by accidents, malformations, and the like. It is proverbial that accidents will occur even in the best regulated families, and although much may be done by good management to decrease their frequency, the prevention of ailments of this kind is hardly a subject for pathological research. Their treatment is well understood and forms, perhaps, the main item in the daily round of the veterinary practitioner. But personal treatment of individual animals by a skilled professional man is and must always be expensive, and, in the case of animals of low intrinsic value, is not economic. Consequently, livestock owners do not call in the veterinary surgeon for ailments of this kind except in the case of their more valuable animals—broadly speaking, horses and cows. The capital value of the 4 million cows in

the United Kingdom at, say, £30 per head is £120,000,000. Adding to this the capital value of the horses, it appears that veterinary attendance is only called in for animals representing rather more than half the total capital value of the livestock of the country.

A second class of diseases is caused by the presence in the animal of microbes, worms or some other kind of living organisms. Such diseases are anthrax, tuberculosis, mange, liver-fluke, and so on. Their characteristic is that they do not usually occur in isolated cases. Considerable numbers of animals are usually affected, the disease spreading either directly or indirectly from one animal to another, or from the presence of a common source of infection. Diseases of this kind, which are by far the most serious source of loss to the livestock owner, are, unfortunately, in many cases not readily amenable to curative treatment under ordinary farming conditions. To keep sick animals under treatment in the absence of stringent isolation may result only in the perpetuation of the source of infection. It is this fact which justifies our present crude policy of slaughter in the cases of some of the most virulent of these diseases.

In such cases prevention is the only satisfactory cure, and before satisfactory preventive measures can be designed and enforced much research is necessary on the causation and spread of these diseases. Until these aspects of a disease are known it is almost hopeless to attempt to break the chain of infection. The immediate object of pathological research appears, therefore, to be to attempt to unravel the story of the causation and spreading of infectious diseases with a view to devising preventive measures on a logical and scientific basis.

There is a third class of diseases, caused by the deficiency in the diet of certain necessary but imperfectly understood constituents. The cause of such deficiency diseases—among which rickets may be mentioned—has only been very recently recognised. A similar cause may be found to explain a number of obscure diseases which have long defied detection, but may soon yield their secret to investigation in the light of modern ideas. If this turns out to be the case, curative treatment may be possible, but prevention should be easier and more satisfactory.

It was suggested above that one of the main items in the daily round of the veterinary practitioner is the curative treatment of ordinary ailments of horses and cows which account for rather more than half the total capital value of the livestock. The country's need for milk will probably maintain the cow population, but the number of horses in the country has decreased enormously since the advent of the motor. This has considerably decreased the demand for veterinary services, a fact which is reflected in the decreasing entry of students at the veterinary colleges. In the absence of a declared agricultural policy, it is difficult to prophesy, but the trend of affairs seems to indicate a contraction in the tillage area of the country which will probably result in a further diminution in the number of horses kept on farms. If this occurs, a further decrease in the demand for veterinary services must be anticipated, unless a new factor of some kind appears.

The writer is inclined to suggest that such a new factor will be found in the development of veterinary preventive medicine. Until the discovery of the germ theory of diseases—which, after all, is comparatively a modern discovery—the practice of medicine was practically confined to individual treatment of cases on curative lines by private practitioners. Bacteriological and allied research has created the science of preventive medicine, which is now in the hands of a public health service. It is to be hoped that the widespread efforts which are being made to investigate animal diseases, not only at Cambridge, but at the Royal Veterinary College, at Aberdeen and elsewhere, will rapidly accumulate a body of knowledge which

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will make possible the establishment of a veterinary service on the lines of the human public health service. Such a service would aim at the prevention of animal disease on logical scientific lines, based on the results of past and future research. Although the farmer does not at present find it economical to utilise the edisting veterinary service for more than about half his livestock, he would be well advised to pay for such a preventive service as an insurance against disease among the other half, notably his young horned stock, his sheep and his pigs.

his young horned stock, his sheep and his pigs.
Such a service will not be built up in a day. It is, however, an ideal towards which all the research institutes, all the farmers'

organisations and all the breed societies should strive, for it must tend not only to mitigate the uncertainty of the farmer's calling but to increase the usefulness, the standing and the remuneration of the veterinary profession. The nucleus of such a service already exists in the administrative veterinary service of the Ministry of Agriculture, with its staff of local correspondents and inspectors. As the new research organisations increase our knowledge of the causation and spread of diseases, the agricultural community must insist on the development of this service on scientific and practical preventive lines.

ORIENTAL CHERRIES

By E. H. WILSON, Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University, U.S.A.

MONG the floral treasures of the Orient none is more renowned than the cherries of Japan. And justly so, for no language can exaggerate their loveliness. Some are small, others large trees with wide-spreading crowns; some have pendent and others quite erect branches. All are beautiful. Cherry trees grow wild in the woods and thickets throughout the length and breadth of Japan and they are everywhere planted in vast numbers—in temple and castle grounds, in park and garden, in city streets and alongside the highways, by pond and by riverside. In Japan no peasant is too humble, no prince too proud to plant and cherish the cherry tree.

At Koganei, a village some ten miles from Tokyo, there is an avenue three miles long of cherry trees planted in 1735 by command of Shogun Yoshimune. Many of the trees are from 60ft. to 75ft. tall with trunks 10ft. to 12ft. in girth and crowns from 50ft. to 60ft. through. The avenue has been well cared for and when the trees are in blossom the scene presented is a never to be forgotten one. The flowering of the cherries is made the

occasion of a national holiday in Japan, annually decreed by the Emperor. And right merrily do the people enjoy the festival. It signifies that spring, the season of gladness, has come. Old and young, rich and poor put on their best raiment, visit and entertain their relatives and friends. There is something peculiarly gay and cheery about these white and pink cherry blossoms, a prodigality also that is infectious.

It is sixty years since the first Japanese cherry was introduced into Europe, but where are the fine specimen trees that one might reasonably expect to see? Here and there where trees directly imported from Japan have been planted, fair examples are to be seen, but it is only within the last twenty-five years that such trees have been available in any quantity, and they are still all too rare. The early importations were nearly all used for purposes of propagation by budding and grafting on European stocks. This has been a curse. In the practice of gardening the art of grafting and budding is useful, nay it is essential, but it is greatly abused. As a means of perpetuating many fruit and certain flowering plants it may be deemed indispensable. By the



THE BEAUTY OF THE FLOWERING CHERRY (PRUNUS SUBHIRTELLA PENDULA). A GNARLED TREE WITH A TRUNK TEN FEET IN GIRTH, GUARDING A JAPANESE VALLEY.

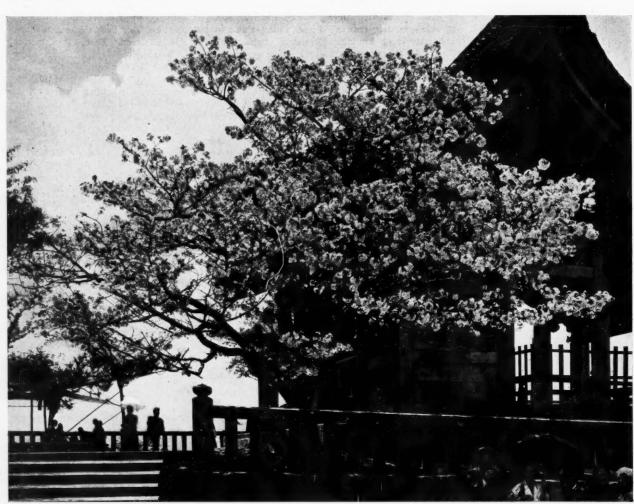
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trade the art is often practised as a means of quickly producing saleable plants, but results in much disappointment to the Too little attention has been paid to finding out the right kind of stocks to use, and especially is this true in regard to flowering trees and shrubs. With the Japanese cherries it has been the practice in Europe to graft or bud them upon the gean (Prunus Avium), the wild cherry (P. Cerasus) and other native species, and the results are far from being satisfactory. In fact, such stocks are quite unsuitable, and the sooner this fact is accepted the better. Many of the Japanese cherries root readily from cuttings; all the species and their wild forms may be raised from seeds. The double-flowered and anomalous garden forms should be budded or grafted on their wild prototypes. Planted closely together for a year or two and pruned to a stem, young trees suitable for any required purpose are soon obtained. Confused nomenclature has also acted as a deterrent. In fact this and the unsuitable stocks for their propagation are largely responsible for the subordinate position Japanese cherries occupy in English gardens at the present time.

than the Sargent cherry (P. serrulata var. sachalinensis) and the Tokyo cherry (P. yedoensis). As a specimen on the lawn or in the park, none is finer than the rosebud cherry (P. subhirtella var. pendula)-I mean real trees, not the stunted apologies one usually For any purpose where small trees are in request, nothing could be more beautiful than the spring cherry (P. subhirtella), with its myriads of soft pink blossoms. Seen in the early morning against a blue sky with the dew still in evidence, it is a vision of perfect beauty. The cult of the rhododendrons is vastly on the increase and devotees should plant cherry trees in association with the broad-leafed favourites, for these give just the requisite amount of shade and are added beauty. Raise the cherry trees from seeds-plant them in quantity-there will be no regrets. In central China cherry trees are a feature of mixed woods, and beneath them luxuriate evergreen rhododendrons. Often have I fondled the opening flower-trusses of R. sutchuenense intermingled with the white and pink petals of Prunus Conradinæ, P. serrulata var. spontanea, its sister, var. pubescens, and P. subhirtella var. ascendens.



THE JAPANESE HAVE A GENIUS FOR PLACING CHERRIES IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING. THE CHERRY "OGON" AS DOORKEEPER TO A TEMPLE NEAR KYOTO.

I do not recommend indiscriminate or even general planting of the double-flowered forms. Even in Japan they are neither large nor long-lived trees. Short-stemmed, at the most 30ft. tall and as much through the crown, is their maximum, and such trees are rarely seen. Prematurely old, lichen-clad and decrepit trees one often sees, and such the people of Japan admire; but not so ourselves. Near buildings and out of the wind-for, being surface rooting they are easily blown down—an occasional doubleflowered cherry is all right; but for avenues, margins of woods or as shade for rhododendrons it is the single-flowered species and wild forms, which grow into large and long-lived trees, that should be planted. The Japanese have a keen eye for detecting points of difference among their favourite flowers. They recognise more than a hundred forms of cherries, but for all practical purposes the distinct double-flowering forms may be included in a couple of dozen kinds.

The cherries of the Orient may be used for many purposes in the embellishment of the gardens and parks of England. For avenues there are no finer deciduous trees with pleasing blossoms Cherries are sun-loving trees and enjoy a warm, light, loamy soil. Against a foil of evergreens the flowers are seen to best advantage. In the forests of evergreen oaks and laurels which clothe the higher mountains of interior Formosa the red-flowered Prunus campanulata is indigenous, and, as I write, the picture it presented in February, 1918, and its perfect setting comes vividly to mind. But this cherry, most richly coloured of all, is only for those who garden in those favoured spots of the British Isles where Himalayan and New Zealand evergreens are at home. Not long ago from Pasadena in sunny California a letter reached me extolling this cherry and claiming it the best of my introductions there. Yet, I fancy, in the dry climate of California the flowers will be ephemeral and the beauty of this tree never fully known.

In Japan nine species with several varieties are indigenous. All are worthy, most of them excellent. Several of them also grow in the forests of Korea and China. Many other species have been described from interior China, but their distinctiveness and the garden merit of those introduced have yet to be fully demonstrated. Such as P. concinna, P. pilosiuscula and P. Conradinæ, all small trees, are undoubtedly acquisitions, while P. serala is worth growing for its handsome yellow-brown bark; but the rank and file are inferior to those about to be described.

The first Oriental cherry introduced into England came from Canton in 1819 and was named P. Pseudo-cerasus by Lindley. This species is wild in Hupeh but cultivaled in many parts of China for its fruits. Long ago it was introduced into Japan for the same purpose and is occasionally seen there to-day. There is an old tree of it in the Cambridge Botanic Gardens. The flowers are white, freely produced and pretty, but the tree is tender and of no outstanding merit as an ornamental. would not mention it here but for the fact that its name has been promiscuously applied to the flowering cherries of Japan, with which it has absolutely nothing to do. The next cherry introduced also came from Canton and had double white flowers. This was named P. serrulata by Lindley in 1830. Good trees of this may be seen both in the Cambridge Botanic Gardens and in Kew. They are low, thanks to grafting, with horizontal, spreading branches and, out of blossom, are more remarkable than beautiful in appearance. This cherry is simply a double-flowered form of a species common in the woods and forests of central China and of north-eastern Asia generally, and now known as P. serrulata var. spontanea. In the north of Japan it is replaced by the larger-flowered variety sachalinensis. Associated with both these, and having a wider distribution than any other Asiatic cherry, is the variety pubescens, distinguished by its hairiness. Where and when this double-flowered P. serrulata originated is unknown and the same is true of its pink counterpart var. rosea. They are well distinguished from all other forms by their smaller flowers crowded with narrow petals.

The wild varieties spontanea and pubescens are the common cherries of the Far East and in Japan are called "Yama-zakura," that is, mountain cherry. These trees grow up to 75ft. in height, with a trunk sometimes 12ft. in girth; they have stout ascending branches and pale to rose pink blossoms an inch or less across. The young foliage is a bronze, metallic green and in the autumn changes to shades of yellow, orange and crimson, which adds much to the attractiveness of these trees. The more northern form (var. sachalinensis), the Sargent cherry, is distinguished by its large flowers, each from Iin. to 13ins. across, often rose-pink, rarely white, in colour. This is the most hardy and the largestgrowing of all Asiatic cherries, and if one ind only can be planted it should be this. he finest of the pink and rose-coloured ouble-flowered cherries are forms of this ariety. The six best are "Kirin," "Horinji," Ichiyo," "Fugenzo," and its white form, albo-rosea ("Shirofugen" of the Japanese), and the late-flowering "Sekiyama" (or "Kanzan," as it is usually called in Japan).

The principal parent of Japanese cherries is P. Lannesiana var. albida, which is native to the volcanic Seven Isles of Idzu, the Boshu Peninsula and elsewhere in the warm parts of Japan. It is a smaller tree than the preceding, with pale bark and white or pale pink fragrant flowers. It is not so hardy as the varieties of serrulata nor so long-lived, though of rapid growth. Of the scores of named forms of this cherry the



PRUNUS LANNESIANA ALBIDA. A MASS OF BLOOM 35 FT. HIGH.



PRUNUS INCISA IN THE WOODLAND.



PRUNUS SERRULATA SACHALINENSIS, PLANTED 1735.



THE AVENUE AT KOGANEI, NEAR TOKYO.



PRUNUS SUBHIRTELLA.

following dozen are among the best: "Jonioi," "Sumizome," "Senriko," "Sirotae," "Amanoga,wa," "Ojochin" "Ogon," "Yaye-akebono," "Botanzakura" "Miyako," "Hata-zakura" and grandiflora, known to the Japanese as "Ukon" or "Asagi" and remarkable for its pale yellow flowers. Another species with double flowers is P. Sieboldii, often called in European gardens Waterer's cherry. It is characterised by the soft, appressed, fulvous-grey hairs which clothe the leaves. This is a tree of moderate size, and, though commonly cultivated in Japan, has not yet been reported in a wild state. Like P. Lannesiana and its forms this cherry also roots readily from cuttings.

Of the spring or rosebud cherries there are four distinct types. The wild form is P. subhirtella var. ascendens, which is indigenous to the woods of Central China, Formosa and Japan. It is a large tree with a wide spreading crown, but is less beautiful in blossom than its sisters. The variety pendula is well described by its name, and the tree in size equals that of the wild form. What has to bear the specific name of P. subhirtella is a small tree, probably of garden origin, and is the most floriferous and, perhaps, the most pleasing of all Japanese cherries. It is the "Higan-sakura" or spring cherry. The fourth form has semi-double flowers which are sometimes most freely produced in the autumn and, in consequence, is named var. autumnalis. Very often it flowers sparsely in the spring and freely in the autumn; in other seasons the very opposite prevails. All the forms of P. subhirtella should be worked on the wild type; they will also root from cuttings. From seed a percentage come true, but the tendency of the varieties is to revert to the wild form, ascendens. All have pink blossoms, deeper in the buds, hence the name rosebud cherries. They are very hardy and remarkably floriferous and, with their branchlets more slender than those of other species, they have a grace and charm peculiarly their own.

A quick-growing and handsome tree is the Tokyo cherry (P. yedoensis), whose opening blossoms herald the cherry festival. Though abundantly planted in Tokyo and elsewhere this cherry is of unknown origin, and is, very possibly, a hybrid. It has a short but thick trunk and large spreading branches, which form a broad rounded crown. The flowers are white to pale pink and are characterised by their hairy, cylindric cupula and flower-stalk. It is a magnificent tree for avenue planting and may be readily raised from seed. Three other Japanese species, P. Maximowiczii, P. nipponica and P. apetala, are of lesser merit. This article may well end with mention of P. incisa, a species abundant on the lower slopes of sacred Fuji-yama and one of the most pleasing of all, yet virtually unknown to English gardens. Usually a bush from 5ft. to 15ft. tall, it will, under favourable conditions, form a small tree from 25ft. to 30ft. tall with a neat crown of spreading and ascending - spreading twiggy branches. The flowers are usually nodding and vary in colour from white to 'pale pink; the cupule and sepals are vinous-red and the stamens are tinged with the same colour, and the anthers are golden. No cherry is more hardy, more floriferous or more lovely than this the "Mame-sakura"—pigmy cherry of Japan.

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CORRESPONDENCE

STANDING MARTINGALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

STANDING MARTINGALES.

To THE EDITOR.

IR,—The question "Sabretache" has raised your columns as to standing martingales is a sery interesting one. As it is one to which I have given a good deal of thought at one time and another, perhaps you will be kind enough to accord me sufficient space to enlarge upon the subject. I take it that no one objects to a standing martingale for all ordinary purposes of riding, such as when hacking, etc.; it is only considered objectionable when jumping. So it is to the leap only I will confine myself. The first difficulty we have is in the approach, when an impetuous horse will sometimes throw up his head so high as to be not only trouble-some, but dangerous. It is in circumstances such as these that a standing martingale has undoubted advantage over the running one. If, however, in the last half second we can drop our hands and give the horse his head, the horse lowers it at once, because he is as anxious as the rider to see what he is doing. A horse with his head in the air is quite incapable of making a proper jump. He can only bungle through and land with the hind feet touching the ground simultaneously with the fore feet. In extreme cases it is even possible for the hind feet to touch the ground first. But when I the ground simultaneously with the fore feet. In extreme cases it is even possible for the hind feet to touch the ground first. But when I say "head in the air," I must be careful to add I mean extremely high, with the plane of the forehead possibly parallel with the ground level (or even higher). This is, however, an extreme case, which does not often happen with trained horses or skilled riders. But when it does happen, the standing martingale helps rather than hinders. I do not feel, however, it is on instances such as these that the question of a running or standing martingale hangs, but on the usual action of the horse's head when jumping, when falling and when recovering himself.

jumping, when falling and when recovering himself.

Now this movement is just a matter of degree. Greater latitude is wanted when jumping the National, for example, than when jumping a small fence out hunting. But throughout the leap the horse is always looking where he is going. The head moves but slightly, the chief movement is at the moment the hind legs leave the ground. At this juncture the nose is thrown forward in proportion to the force of the throw-off, but in no case is this movement affected by a properly fitting standing martingale. The next stage is the lowering of the head, and as the fore feet touch the ground the head is down, and that is all the movement there is.

the head, and as the fore feet touch the ground the head is down, and that is all the movement there is.

We can reasonably assume that a horse cannot fall until his fore feet have landed, and therefore a fall starts with the head lowered, and he is incapable of raising his head until the hind feet have reached the ground, and as this is obviously the moment when the peck turns into a fall, it is equally clear that a horse falls with his head down. But if it is only a peck, then the horse raises his head on the impact of the hind feet. Let us for a moment think what a "peck" is. It means that the fore feet are deep in mud, say, almost up to the knee, and the hind legs are saving the situation. The horse's body is therefore at an angle and he raises his head to recover himself. Now this is the crucial point. In this position can he be handicapped in any way by the check strap of the martingale? If we think for a moment and try to visualise the scene, we shall see that he cannot. It would be impossible for the horse to throw his head right out to that extent; he can do no more than raise it to a very ordinary angle, which is entirely unaffected by the strap. I have studied horses falling and pictures of them so doing for a very long time, and I have never seen one instance where the check of a standing martingale would in any way affect a horse. So that I think it would be most instructive if "Sabretache" would produce the photographs he claims support his contention for publication in your columns. I for one would be delighted to see them. My own opinion is that the standing martingale is an assistance rather than a hindrance over any fence, no matter the size, and "Sabretache's" courage need not fail him next time he feels he must cut the strap before he leaps. I do not, however, expect to convince anyone by epistolary effort, I can only ask people to think it out for themselves and to make what experiments they can. I do believe, however, that your readers will now support me in my little expostulation against

BULL FROGS. TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am enclosing a photograph which may be of interest to some of your readers. From first appearances it might suggest a herd of hippos in the Zambesi, but a closer inspection will reveal them as nothing more formidable than a number of African bull frogs. The photograph is of a small vlei caused by the first heavy rains of the season and the subjects allowed me to approach within a few feet to snap them. These frogs appear with the first rains and can often be seen in the resulting vleis and pools, but after a few days they disappear, but not before laying thousands of jelly-like eggs which hatch into masses of black tadpoles and which attract wild duck and other water fowl in large numbers. During the winter jelly-like eggs which hatch into masses of black tadpoles and which attract wild duck and other water fowl in large numbers. During the winter months they hibernate and bury themselves in the ground and are often turned up when the lands are ploughed, when they appear very thin and in a dazed condition. In colour they are rather handsome, being dark green on the back and bright orange under the throat, which gradually fades down to a dirty white. Certain tribes of natives in Rhodesia eat these amphibians, and I have seen a picannin wading through the vleis with a long sharp stick, which he runs through the poor frog's back, pushes it further up the stick and jabs another, and in a very short time has three or four struggling frogs on his improvised spear. These he does not trouble about killing, but pushes the lot into a pot of boiling water and cooks them alive! They are supposed to be very tasty (though I would not recommend this form of cooking) and to resemble chicken, but personally I have never had the courage to sample one. Besides its human enemy, the larger hawks and eagles prey on them, and I have seen twenty or more of these

the full and empty water pot, had earlier been exposed by the accidental breaking of the vessel. The mechanical principle involved in this illusion is quite well known, and the small inner air tube was easily visible.—R. B. BURNEY.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The article by Mr. W. D. M. Bell mentions the difficulty of procuring evidence to prove the present-day existence of slavery. As an instance of the native method of procuring evidence, the following may interest you. It also shows how native cunning can best be overcome by native methods. A few years ago I was the proud possessor of a new brick bungalow, built under my own direction right in the Central African bush. I was engaged one day in puttying in the panes of the windows, and this operation seemed particularly to interest the native servant of my Assistant. I observed him the next day testing the putty, and overheard him telling his friends that the glass was secured only by soft earth. A day or two later, I found, on rising, that a pane of glass had been removed from a window, the fastening undone, and my rifle taken. The pane had some clear finger-prints on it, and as I at once suspected my friend who was so interested in the putty, I took prints of his fingers and sent them, with the pane, to the police. Days passed, and I heard nothing from the police, so I began to get anxious about my rifle. I then went to the county chief near by and told him the whole story, imploring him to get my rifle back. Chiefs of this rank have considerable magisterial powers over natives, but are not supposed to take cases where another nationality is concerned. This chief, however, was no stickler for red tape, and he promptly



BULL FROGS IN AN AFRICAN POOL,

big birds near a pool of bull frogs on the look-out for the unwary frog that hops on to land or into shallow water, for no sooner does this happen than an eagle, like an arrow, and with a rush of wings, carries off the unfortunate frog. Needless to say, only the bigger hawks attack these frogs, as a good-sized one would fill a soup plate!—RHODESIAN.

THE MANGO TREE TRICK.

TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may assist some of your readers interested in this trick to learn of an experience of mine at Colombo. The trick was shown in a similar manner to that described by your correspondent and, I must confess, appeared to me to be a perfectly ordinary piece of leger-demain. Shortly after, while wandering through a near-by plantation, I came upon the Indian and his assistant who had entertained us. He was preparing for his next exhibition by carefully laying the leaves of the plant against the stem and securing them in this position by a small elastic band. I watched him laboriously handling each leaf and finally placing the band around the folded plant. Another trick,

arrested my suspect and lodged him in his gaol. Now, an excellent native law says that relatives of a suspect must bring him food every day. On bringing the food at night to my prisoner, the chief saw the people and told them to return with the food, as the prisoner would not be allowed to eat until the rifle was returned to me. The next day food was brought again, and the same message given. The third day also this was repeated, and evidently the prisoner's friends became alarmed for his welfare, for the following morning, at daybreak, my rifle was lying just inside my fence. I called to congratulate the chief on his success in getting the gun returned, and he told me how he did it. I asked if he really kept the man three days without food, but he did not reply. The case being one in which a non-native appeared, was not triable by the chief, but I have suspicions that the chief's road-makers, who have their abode in his gaol, had the assistance of a young man, rather unused to their work, for some months. Knowing the chief as I do, I am sure he did the sensible thing in this respect. I never heard from the police when I wrote them that the rifle had been recovered.—E. Brown.

LONDON BRIDGE AT GILLWELL PARK.

TO THE EDITOR. To the Editor.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a portion of a balustrade reputed to have come from Old London Bridge when it was demolished in 1824. It is now erected amid sylvan surroundings at the Scoutmasters' Training Centre at Gillwell Park in Essex.—O. H.

[The balustrade

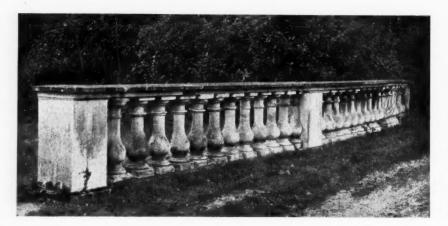
Gillwell Park in Essex.—O. H.

[The balustrade shown in our correspondent's photograph is part of that erected in 1757-60 when the old houses were cleared off the Bridge by Taylor and Dance the architects. Their work was never secure, £2,500 being spent annually, so it was computed, on ineffectual repairs. It was rather unfeelingly estimated that fifty seamen, watermen and bargemen, valued at £20,000, were annually drowned in passing it. It may be of interest to recall the country homes of some other landmarks of Old London. Temple Bar, removed in 1877, of course, is at Theobald's Park. The statue of Charles II, formerly in Soho Square, and lately promised to be returned, is in the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's garden at Grim's Dyke, Harrow Weald; while that other one of the same monarch, originally representing John Sobieski, "trampling on a Turk or enemy," which used to stand in the old Stocks Market, where the Mansion House is now, has been erected in Yorkshire at Newby Hall. The Lamberhurst iron railings, originally round St. Paul's, were removed by Dean Milman and are to be found at Blenheim. Perhaps a correspondent could tell us





RICKSHAW MEN OF DURBAN.



A RELIC OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE,

of some of the other numerous objects from time to time removed. It may interest readers to know that the Portland stone used in the building of COUNTRY LIFE Offices came from Old Newgate Prison, then being demolished. -ED.]

EARLY BIRDS.

EARLY BIRDS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The wryneck is back early this year. His call was heard in a garden at Hollington, Sussex, on March 30th, and has been heard there every day since. On the same date the open beaks of young missel thrushes were seen above the rim of their nest, built on the bare branch of a tree, about 30ft, above the ground, ready to receive the food brought them by the parent birds. A chiffchaff was seen and heard in the same place on March 28th, and the cry is heard daily now.—J. Phillips Davies.

FINE FEATHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Among the sights, or, rather, many of the sights, of Durban are the rickshaw men. In their wonderful headdresses they are almost the first thing which strikes the traveller on landing, and certainly one never forgets them. I am sending you two photographs which show these Russian Ballet-like horns and feathers in some detail but which cannot, alas! reproduce the colour effect.—L. Yeo.

SUPERSTITIONS.

SUPERSTITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If we were told that we were superstitious we should at once pooh-pooh the idea. Yet who is there of us who does not hesitate on approaching a ladder in the streets that is tilted against a wall? Some, more daring than others, walk underneath, but even they acknowledge the fact of the superstition, and feel a spice of daring in doing so. Some folk there are who will not turn back and re-enter a house without first sitting down; and others will never watch a train out of the station for fear that their loved one will not return. Who will open an umbrella in a room, or place a pair of new shoes upon the table? Only the ignorant and daring! How about the new moon? Who likes to see it through glass? And in meeting a funeral, who does not turn round and walk the other way, or remain standing still? Should a strange black cat purr towards you and rub around your legs, could you refrain from mentioning that it was a harbinger of luck?—or withhold the fact that your house was lucky because swallows have built in the eaves? Who would willingly nail a horseshoe upon his door upside-down? (I have seen this done, but only by folk ignorant of this fact, and not in any spirit of bravado.) Who is there that picks up a silver threepenny-bit who does not get a thrill at this prognostication of certain luck and good fortune? And who does not feel a thrill of delight at the fact that he or she is standing on grass when the first sharp "Cuck-oo" of the year is heard? When we have had a vivid dream we try, by aid of a dream-book, to interpret it. If we hear there is an especially good palmist, we surreptitiously visit her. We get our fortunes told by our friend who reads the cards, and we even place a tumbler upside-down upon the table and imagine it can tell us events by jumping from letter to letter when our finger is placed upon it, while we breathlessly watch its peregrinations. Ah, we are a matter-of-fact nation, we English; yet I can safely state that few of us there are who ignore entirel

HOW THEY BUILD IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

TO THE EDITOR. SIR,—I notice that from time to time you have articles in COUNTRY LIFE describing various methods of building, both at home and both at home and a broad. Perhaps, therefore, you may be interested in the two accompanying photographs. They show how houses are built in the British Solomon Islands.

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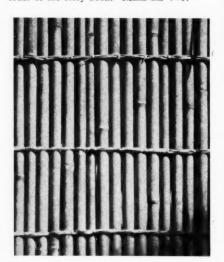
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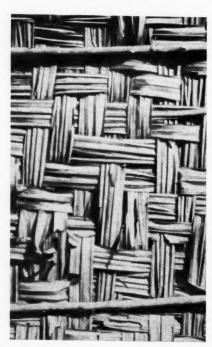
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Solomon Islands. Incidentally, house-building is one of the few jobs done by the men, whose principal pastime is to chew betel nut, the women doing all the agricultural work, in addition to attending to the needs of the family. Extensive use is made of the palm tree in building the houses. In some cases the walls are constructed with bamboos laced together with palm fibre; in others palm leaves are used, interlaced, and stiffened at intervals by poles; and palm leaf is also used as thatching. Houses thus built are found to withstand the weather successfully, and it must not be supposed that the weather is always of the azure-sky-and-coral-strand order of the story-book.—Merl La Voy.



BAMBOO LACED TOGETHER WITH PALM FIBRE.



PALM LEAVES INTERLACED.

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THE END OF THE RUGBY SEASON

HE victory of England in France brings the Rugby football season proper to a close, although there are still a few more matches to be played. There was a time when interest in the game would have continued until the County Championship had been decided; now days all enthusiasm for this event seems to have disapprared.

In the palmy days of Yorkshire Rugby football, and later when Devon and Durham took it in turns to be champion county, the title meant something; players were chosen to represent England on their form in county matches; the match Champion County v. The Rest of England was one of the principal events

At that time men were proud to play for their county and there was no question of playing for one's club in preference to the county, although even then there was never the same keenness in the Home Counties that existed in the north and west.

keenness in the Home Counties that existed in the north and west. Two of the writer's happiest recollections are of winning the championship at Hartlepool in 1901 and then beating the "Rest" at the end of that year at Exeter. The first of these was played at the end of March and the census was taken before the return to Devon, so that we all appeared "on the strength" of the hotel in Hartlepool. When we did go back, the Devon green and white plastered the whole train, a jersey was tied round the funnel of the engine and a vast crowd awaited our arrival at Exeter with much enthusiasm and a brass band! Those days

are past.

The season is over, and what a success it has been! Once again England with her happy band of veterans—who must some of them be nearly thirty!—has taken her place at the head of the list. She has had to fight desperately hard to win through and has had a certain amount of luck, which no one will grudge her, but the experience and resource of her outsides, combined with a pack of vigorous and brilliant forwards, has just turned the scale. If this same team were to represent England next year, they might quite well find themselves the sors of the mythical wooden spoon from which the dregs of defeat are supped.

The narrowest win of the English fifteen was achieved at Inverleith; after that success, they ought to have beaten France on form, but—there is always a big "but" in Rugby, especially where France is concerned—there was a certain risk of staleness

and an even greater risk that they might take things too easily at first and leave the necessary spurt until too late.

As it turned out, England played for safety for nearly two thirds of the game; it was only during the last twenty-five minutes that she let herself go and showed her superiority. It was appropriate that both the English tries should be scored by forwards, Wakefield and Conway. The forwards as a whole had a big share in the victory and there was none better than these two. To make the business complete, one could have wished that a third try might have been scored by Voyce, who once again was at his best.

It was also fitting that the English captain should round

again was at his best.

It was also fitting that the English captain should round off his long and brilliant service to his country by dropping one of those inevitable goals without which no match in which he plays seems complete. Adjectives fail one in speaking of the Davies-Kershaw combination—probably the greatest the game has ever seen. Let us rejoice that circumstances have compelled them to retire in their prime, before their reputations can be tarnished by failure or defeat. It will be long before we shall see their prowess or their record surpassed.

It is not unlikely also that this match will be Lowe's last appearance in the English team that he has graced for so long

appearance in the English team that he has graced for so long and with such marked distinction. It was not his fortune to play a conspicuous part in this his latest International game, but he has so often in the past had the stage to himself that he can make his bow with no regrets and will retain a very warm corner in the hearts of all Rugby followers.

Locke proved that his success in the Scottish match was no

Locke proved that his success in the Scottish match was no

Locke proved that his success in the Scotush maken was no flash in the pan; he has made good and will, no doubt, be seen in many more International matches. As for the others, they all played their parts manfully; there were no shirkers.

There were many new names in the French team, and of these Behoteguy and Salinié were a conspicuous success. Of the older players, Jaurreguy ran as strongly as ever, while Lasserre, Cassayet, Boubée and Moureux were the best of the forwards.

The crowd at Colombes broke all records and showed themselves second to none in their appreciation of good play on

selves second to none in their appreciation of good play on either side and the spirit of good sportsmanship.

After the match Davies received an ovation from his admirers and was carried off the ground on their shoulders.

This match was a satisfactory conclusion to a memorable on.

Leonard R. Tosswill.

MATCH AND COURSE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

YOUNG GOLFERS FOR OLD.

◆HE Easter holiday, in other ways an admirable festival, complicates the life of the journalist who has to go to press early. Thus it happens that I have had no chance press early. Thus it happens that I have had no chance of writing about the University match till it is rather ancient history. Still I should like to say a word or two about it and to offer a belated but abject apology to Oxford for not realising beforehand what a good fighting side they were for not realising beforehand what a good fighting side they were. Their captain told me that, having great difficulty in choosing the last few men, he had concentrated on choosing those who were familiar with seaside golf and would fight to the last ditch. Certainly he chose well, for his men finished like lions. The putt that Mr. Hough holed on the last green to halve his foursome and so ultimately to win it at the thirty-seventh, was as fine an effort as I have seen for a long time. It was so obviously intended. He took plenty of time, yet not a moment too long and hit the ball so absolutely clean and decided a blow. Moreover, he was walking after it to pick it out, just as Mr. Tolley does in his most victorious moods, before it had rattled against the tin. Undoubtedly there was some very good play, such as that

Undoubtedly there was some very good play, such as that of Mr. Murray, Mr. Little and one or two others. The question

Undoubtedly there was some very good play, such as that of Mr. Murray, Mr. Little and one or two others. The question that I have been often asked and find it very hard to answer is waether or not the general standard was good. Mr. Charles P. 3g, who was the secretary of the Cambridge club for years and the best friend and prop of many captains, was looking on, to the delight of everybody. He had not seen a match for a leng time and he said to me, "These fellows don't play any better than your sides did." I wonder if he was right. Not quite, pobably, and yet, trying to form a fair judgment, I do not tank the standard has gone up as much as it might, considering the far larger number of boys that play to-day.

Five and twenty years ago and more it was very rare to get uch material in the way of freshmen. In my own first year to only remember two or three who might even charitably be said to be golfers when they came up. Then in the next came four really good ones, Mr. de Zoete, Mr. Leathart, Mr. Clive Lawrence and Mr. B. C. Thompson, while Oxford had the late Mr. W. A. Henderson and Mr. de Montmorency, though the latter was then in his golfing infancy. That would be a very fine vintage year even now. The year after, we at Cambridge got only one good freshman and I, as captain, was stupid enough to overlook him. So it went on, with ups and downs, but a freshman whose style

had the hall-mark of a golfing boyhood was a rarity. To-day there are plenty every year who can swing the club with a certain air and manner, but there are not so many as one would expect who have solid golfing virtues to back up a knowing waggle and a flashy swing. When one looks at the young players from overseas who are now getting into the sides, one is struck, I think, by the fact that they have the air of having been better grounded or drilled in the game than most of the young Britons. I suppose the conclusion of the whole affair must be that, though many boys now come up who have played some golf in their holidays, very few of them have really taken the game at all seriously. They have given their hard work rather to cricket and football. That, no doubt, is very proper, even though it does not tend to the winning of Walker Cups.

A LINCOLNSHIRE COURSE.

Lincolnshire is not a county that is very rich in golf courses, but I played last week on a very pleasant one that should soon be a very good one. This is at Belton Park, near Grantham, where Lord Brownlow lets the club play in his park. In a sense the course is not new at all; it is of almost hoary antiquity, where Lord Browniow lets the club play in this peak, sense the course is not new at all; it is of almost hoary antiquity, since it was first made in 1890, but it has been almost entirely remade since the war. I first saw Belton in the autumn of 1914 when the park was full of the new army drilling, most of it in blue serge suits. I remember then to have thought how good the ground looked for golf and to have wondered drearily when there would be any more golf. Already at that time the tramp of men was beginning to wear away the turf. The camp grew and grew till there were, I believe, fifteen or twenty thousand men there and in many places no blade of grass remained. Yet now there is turf everywhere, not in places quite so delicate and beautiful, perhaps, as before the men and horses came, but good sound turf that gives good lies and will make very good putting greens. The course was "re-opened" last week, when Lord Brownlow, with excess of modesty, deputed Mr. Tolley to hit off the first ball, which he did to such good purpose as to overdrive the first green, 255yds. away.

drive the first green, 255yds. away.

Belton should soon stand high among park courses. It has one possession that most of its class have not, namely, a fine sandy soil. The trees, too, are very obliging. There are not too many of them, they do not get too much in the way, and yet they add a great deal of interest to the game, by making some capital "dog-legged" holes. At three or four holes there are

some really fascinating tee shots, where the ball must be palpably hooked round a tree or a spinney if the player is to get at once the full measure of sensual enjoyment and the right place from which to play his second. The ground, too, undulates gently and pleasantly, but never fiercely; the most energetic will not find it flat nor the fattest get out of breath.

At present there are not quite enough bunkers. A few more would serve a most useful purpose, apart from that obvious

At present there are not quite enough bunkers. A few more would serve a most useful purpose, apart from that obvious one of punishing the golfing criminal. They would guide the player's eye and help him to judge distances. Some of the greens need something to "show them up." At present they merge a little too completely in the surrounding greenery. Too much of this protective colouring makes approaching very difficult, but not difficult in the best or most interesting way.

Belton is by no means a short course. It is over 6,000yds. long and at present "plays longer" than that. I have not for some time seen a course on which there was more need for good and accurate wooden club play up to the hole, and that,

good and accurate wooden club play up to the hole, and that, in these days when the brassey is half atrophied, is most refreshing. Mr. Tolley's medal round of 73, his first round of the course, was a very good performance indeed, or so at least thought the other three of us who were vainly trying to compete with him. Altogether it is a wonderfully charming spot wherein to play golf—peaceful and rustic and pretty, with a glimpse now and again behind the trees of Sir Christopher Wren's fine house, with deer in the distance and perhaps a peacock preening himself in the garden and looking angrily at these intrusive golfers who come to disturb his ancient reign.

LORD CARNARVON AS RACEHORSE BREEDER AND OWNER

SOME NOTES ON DERBY CANDIDATES

To is very sad for all who knew Lord Carnarvon personally to think that death has taken him in a manner so tragic, and we shall never again see him on a racecourse, delighting in the good thoroughbred and especially in winners associated, either directly or indirectly, with his stud farm near Highclere, in Berkshire. With his rather pinched and pale features, which, moreover, gave the idea of an illness of a serious nature at some time in his life, he was by no means an imposing personality in a physical sense. And yet he unquestionably had personality. It was made distinct in his unorthodox way of dressing, especially in the matter of headgear, which was of the grey crush hat variety as favoured by some Americans, especially when touring in semi-tropical countries. He was not often without some sort of scarf, though it was seldom allowed to hide from view the bow-like tie, generally of a black and white check. Certainly he had mannerisms in dress which somewhat shocked the more abject slave to fashion, but after all it was just characteristic of a man who did not care much about public opinion. He took his own line of thought and action, and I have known occasions when he has adhered to them most stubbornly. Of course, he thought it was the right line.

It is of his racing life that I should like to write a little; other pens have dealt ably enough with his epoch-making contributions to Egyptology, and in that connection his name and memory will be enduring long after our day. His association with the Turf may be forgotten, but for the present one has a lively recollection of the well known horses he owned. Among them were Santry, Mustapha, Valens, Volta, Rivoli, Baldur, Missovaja, Wassillissa, Julian, Mauvezin, The Solicitor, Franklin and Robert le Diable. They never won a classic race among them, which is a reminder of how some men may strive for many years as breeders and owners on an extensive scale and still be denied the satisfaction of winning even one of the five classic sad 10r all who knew Lord Carnarvon personally

years as breeders and owners on an extensive scale and still be denied the satisfaction of winning even one of the five classic denied the satisfaction of winning even one of the five classic races. Valens and Franklin were both runners-up in their respective years for the St. Leger, the one to Bayardo and the other to Polemarch. He won a City and Suburban with Robert le Diable, and the Ascot Stakes with Baldur and Rivoli. Often he came near to winning the Cambridgeshire, but Mustapha, Santry and Vril were not quite good enough. The Solicitor won him the Royal Hunt Cup, Mauvezin (bred in France) the Stewards Cup at Goodwood, and Franklin the Coronation Cup last year at Epsom. Robert le Diable also won a Doncaster Cup, while Volta was brilliantly speedy. Thus on the whole he did well, and as a breeder, too, he met with what I should appraise at more than the average success.

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Robert le Diable, Mauvezin, Valens, Rivoli and Volta all came to take up stud duties at the farm I have referred to. Lord Carnarvon was particularly keen at all times to see how his good winners would succeed at the stud, which is the chief reason why he would scarcely ever sell his horses when once they had done well by him. I daresay when the big boom was on he could have had large sums for both Valens and his son Volta. Robert le Diable was by Ayrshire and he got many winners. Valens, by Laveno, came along in 1908 as a two year old, and I remember him as a rather washy-looking bay, and although he was not in the first class, he must have done well from two to three years of age, as there were great hopes that he would win one or more of the classic races. But his number was taken down first time out as a three year old when King Edward's Minoru beat him for the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. He Minoru beat him for the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. He was not placed for the Derby, but it was a creditable second that he ran later in the year for the St. Leger. Volta was a son of Valens, and he, too, revealed himself as a light bay. He was not badly named considering the high voltage of his temperament, which prevented him doing more justice to himself. Lord Carnarvon would never have it that the display of what looked like temper at the starting post was anything more serious than excessive vitality and overflowing nervous energy.

Volta has now been at the stud a few years and has certainly made such a mark as positively delighted the late Earl. He did, indeed, rejoice exceedingly in the doings of the good-looking

stock sired by this speedy horse. Quite the best he got was Franklin, and I happen to know that until the fatal illness overcame him Lord Carnarvon was building big hopes on this horse winning him the City and Suburban Handicap, which is shortly to be decided at Epsom. Now, of course, the nomination is made void by rule. Mauvezin was a black horse bred in France, and though he got many winners they were not of much account, excepting, perhaps, Aldford, who was never beaten as a two year old in the colours of the Duke of Westminster and is himself now at the stud.

I expect that in later years, when Valens and Volta were

I expect that in later years, when Valens and Volta were much patronised by outside breeders, the stud farm at Highclere was a paying proposition. In any case I know that it gave the late Earl much pleasure, and especially so on spring and summer Sunday afternoons, when he would come round to look over the stallions, mares and young stock. The Jockey Club honoured him by election to its exclusive body in 1920, though I do not think, had he lived, he would ever have undertaken the responsibilities of stewardship. The only place at which he officiated was Newbury, though sometimes he would act at the Bibury Club's meetings at Salisbury. He was one of the founders of Newbury racecourse and naturally liked to win there. That was why his colours were generally good to follow there. His old trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson, Mr. Rutherford, the estate agent, and all at Highclere and in its neighbour-

ford, the estate agent, and all at Highclere and in its neighbourhood will miss and mourn him greatly.

One of the most improved horses I have set eyes on this year is the Queen's Prize winner, Bhuidhaonach, owned by Major Cayzer, who gave 3,400 guineas for him as a yearling. Of course the horse ought to be pretty good at that price; only the high-priced ones so seldom are! Bhuidhaonach—what's in a name save tetanus!—was bred at the National Stud by the sire, Royal Realm, who was one of those presented to the nation by Lord Wavertree. So also, I believe, was Countess Zia, a beautifully bred mare that has proved a rare money-getter for the stud. She first gained distinction as the dam of the Two Thousand Guineas winner. The Panther, and from that time her Zia, a beautifully bred mare that has proved a rare money-getter for the stud. She first gained distinction as the dam of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, The Panther, and from that time her progeny have made big money as yearlings. The winner of the Queen's Prize was a winner as a three year old, but he is ever so much better now as a racehorse, and must have had a stone in hand on the handicap to win as he did after being so badly placed at one time. That is why, I think, he will do well this season, though maybe not to the same astonishing extent that last year's winner of the Queen's Prize did. I refer to Golden Myth, which won the handicap at Kempton Park on Easter Monday under only 7st. 6lb., and before the season was half over distinguished himself in an astonishing way by winning the Ascot Gold Vase, the Ascot Gold Cup and the Eclipse Stakes, and now he is at the stud, commanding a fee of 200 guineas!

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I do not think we have seen a good two year old out unless it be Obliterate, by Tracery from Damage, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes. I formed rather a high opinion of him after looking him over and seeing the way he won, but Brocklesby winners have done so poorly in recent years that I should like to see more of Obliterate before rating him superior to the modern Brocklesby standard. This is scarcely the time of year to begin talking seriously of the new season's youngsters, but we may be talking seriously of the new season's youngsters, but we may be enlightened during the Spring meetings at Newmarket, which are drawing very near. Indeed, the Craven meeting is due to begin next week. It was during the spring campaign at head-quarters last year that we first saw Pharos, Duncan Grey and Papyrus as winners. Town Guard appeared, but did not win until the next time out, which was at Ascot. Cos made a winning debut at Ascot, but it was August before we saw Twelve Pointer for the first time. Legality, too, was seen in the spring at Newmarket, when he was very unlucky to be beaten by Scyphius. As I write, interest in the crack three year olds is decidedly

As I write, interest in the crack three year olds is decidedly quickening, and it is a near thing between Town Guard and Papyrus for favouritism. Town Guard is really at the head of affairs in what market there is on the Derby, and as long as he continues to do as well as he has done I do not think he will be

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deposed. I am told on the authority of one who trains in the stalle that the colt has done wonderfully well, and is to-day a great goer that is steadily thriving on his work. That is as it should be with a horse of which there are big expectations in regard to the Derby. Papyrus, too, has gone the right way, but as an individual I prefer Town Guard. I have also an exceedingly healthy account of My Lord, which, in the training of Charles Morton, is beyond all question in the right hands. It is because he, with all his caution, born of years of experience, is satisfied with the way this horse has done and is doing that I am impressed. I am sure from direct advices that all is well with Legality, Twelve Pointer and Hurry Off, and altogether we must go back some years to find a more interesting situation, or one as interesting as is the present one in regard to the three year olds on the eve of the classic races.

Hitherto an owner of a horse in the Derby could leave it in until the day of the race at a cost of £25. The actual cost to run was £50, and it is still so; but under new conditions, which are now in force, it costs £50 to leave in a horse after the last Tuesday in March this year. Any taken out at that date would be only liable to £25 forfeit in respect of each. It is interesting, therefore, to note what horses have been left in after what is really the last forfeit stage. In the first instance there were 347 entries, and at the first forfeit stage of £5 92 went out; and now 168 have followed them at what was, as I have explained, the new £25 stage. His Majesty had two entered, and one remains, namely, a black colt named Swinderby, by Swynford. Lord Astor has left in all his three. They are Light Hand, Saltash, and Bold and Bad. The first two are by Sunstar, and the first named has, I am informed, been quietly backed at long odds—not, of course, by Lord Astor, who, so far as I know, does not bet, but by people who profess to be inspired. Lord Derby had five in, and four remain. They are Pharos, Torlonia,

retains two out of four, the survivors being Sun's Way and Lackham, neither having much form. Mr. J. B. Joel, who had five to his name, is now content with only one, and, needless to say, it is My Lord. On the other hand, his brother, Mr. Sol Joel, who originally had seven entered, has now no representative at all, which is remarkable for a man owning such big breeding and racing establishments.

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The Aga Khan had five fillies entered, and only one has been withdrawn. Those remaining are Cos, Teresina, Tricky Aunt and Paola. Mr. A. K. Macomber, who has hitherto raced on such a magnificent scale in France, had put five in our Derby of this year. They have all made an exit, and the same may be said of the five which figured in the name of Mr. J. Musker. The Duke of Portland is now content with only Kinnaird instead of the original three; Lord Queenborough relies on Greek Bachelor in preference to St. Rollox; Mr. Anthony de Rothschild retains Doric and Knight of the Leopard, and discards Red Gauntlet and Montfort. All in the names of Baron Edouard de Rothschild and Mr. James de Rothschild have gone out. Drake is the only representative in the name of Mrs. Whitburn; and Mr. James White, who is finding Derby winning by no means a simple business proposition, has now only one representative of slender pretensions instead of the original five. When the entry first closed Lord Woolavington had six in the race; four are now withdrawn, and the two remaining, Town Guard and Knockando (the latter has never been seen on a racecourse, but is, nevertheless, much esteemed), are both trained by Mr. Gilpin at Newmarket. Here let me add that Lord Woolavington has just returned from the South of France, and though he had not been well he is in a satisfactory state of health, I am glad to say, at the present time. No doubt he will shortly be visiting Newmarket to see his good horses, and then there will be a visit to Beckhampton, where Fred Darling is training his favourite, Captain Cuttle.

BAKST'S DESIGNS FOR "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS"

MAGNIFICENT volume containing fifty of Bakst's 300 drawings has been published by Messrs. Benn for 6 guineas, and a copy reposes, at this moment, upon our knees. The edition is limited to 1,000, 500 of which are reserved for the United States. All

upon our knees. The edition is limited to 1,000, 500 of which are reserved for the United States. All of the (to be exact) fifty-four plates are perfect colour reproductions from the originals, and the standard of production with regard to printing and format is excellent. One or two unimportant misprints in M. André Levinson's preface on the ballet would not be worth mentioning were not the standard such as to make them surprising. A reproduction of a line drawing of Léon Bakst by Picasso serves as frontispiece.

The staging of Petitpa's adaptation of Perrault's fairy tale at the Alhambra in November, 1921, by Diaghilev and Bakst was the most ambitious since the Revolution. Its original production at St. Petersburg in 1890 had marked at once the culmination of classical ballet and the beginning of a new era in the application of the music; for the enlistment of Tschaikovsky to write the score revolutionised opinion as to the function of music in a ballet. Previously, Petitpa and the Russian audiences had had to be content with scores which, while providing the essentials of the dance, were poor in imagination and colour and banal in orchestration. Tschaikovsky, however, submitted himself to the requirements of the ballet master, thus definitely making an applied art out of dance music, which were eventually to expedience.

however, submitted himself to the requirements of the ballet master, thus definitely making an applied art out of dance music, which was eventually to produce Stravinsky.

It remained, however, for Bakst to habilitate the ballet in a style truly comparable to Tschaikovsky's music, while Diaghilev somewhat altered Petitpa's ensembles. Bakst decided be keep the costume in one, so far as it is in any, period—the diry period of Perrault himself. Thus the general lines of the resses are those of the Grand Monarque; but the designer let is imagination run wildly and joyously away with its gorgeous materials, preposterous wigs and extravagant plumes. A asser man might have laboriously reproduced exact contemporary costumes; but Bakst, even had he the desire, lacked he patience so to do. Besides, he had not the time either. The whole staging and the 300 costumes are the result fess than six weeks' inspired work. It was a race against ime to get them finished. Looking at the minuteness of the designs here reproduced, it is almost impossible to believe the apidity with which they must have been conceived and executed.

designs here reproduced, it is almost impossible to believe the apidity with which they must have been conceived and executed. As purely decorative designs, these plates cannot fail to give great pleasure. No one could expect the book to be anything more than a gorgeous picture book. Even so, many of the drawings are more than rich minglings of colour. The characterisation of such figures as Porphyrophores, A Minister, Marshal Cantalabutte, Mazurka (Gentleman), and Galisson, the Prince's Tutor, are brilliant examples of economical and rapid draughtsmanship; while the variety of the poses is amazing.

A word must be said about the settings of the costumes—consisting of interiors of palaces and enchanted groves and castles. The most striking scene of Bakst's which we remember was the Sacré du Printemps backcloth—a forbidding impression

of primeval forest, storm and glacier. In "The Sleeping Princess," however, he is at his most florid: a bold chance, for he exhibits that quality in a risky experiment—the restoring of extensive architecture to the stage, in the manner of Bibbiena



DESIGN FOR THE QUEEN'S GUARD.

His tastes in this matter were clearly Piranesian; but when you bring on a lot of sugar-plum fairies and Dresden princesses, your architecture must not be more solid than gingerbread.

C. H.

SHOOTING NOTES

By Max Baker.

INCUBATION OF PHEASANT EGGS.

is possibly no greater diversity than in the home-made contrivances for the nesting boxes and runs which keepers provide for use during the coming weeks. The accompanying illustration shows the arrangement adopted by a keeper of very high intelligence who is responsible for a variety of devices calculated to increase the convenience and efficiency of his work. I remember,



THE HATCHING PENS ARE READY.

many years ago, viewing with high but uninstructed admiration a brick hut whose walls were fitted like a bookcase with so many cubical boxes, each containing its sitting hen—save for the number which found they could not sit on account of the itching caused by innumerable fleas. Since then we have come nearer caused by innumerable fleas. Since then we have come nearer nature, most types of modern box being located on the ground, each provided with its exclusive run. A writer in this month's Gamekeeper, in discussing the question, recommends an even further advance towards natural conditions. Arguing from the desire for solitude by the broody hen, he suggests that the proximity of neighbours with similar duties on hand is distasteful and liable to induce restlessness his suggestion being the constraint. and liable to induce restlessness, his suggestion being the separa-tion of each sitting unit. He refers further to the effort made by some keepers to get their broody hens from a single yard, so that during the period of service only life-long pals will be in so that during the period of service only life-long pals will be in the company. The cost of rearing pheasants would be slightly diminished if there were wider appreciation of the value of the foster mothers after they have completed their round of travail. They are discharged from duty very late in the season, following a prolonged period of high and healthy living, the consequence being that they lay vigorously during the ensuing autumn, when, as a rule, supplies are only forthcoming from the earliest spring-hatched pullets.

GAME SUBJECTS.

My forecasts of an active demand for this season's production My forecasts of an active demand for this season's production of pheasant eggs is being abundantly justified by reports from all sides. The periodical already quoted names many instances, and, although there must be sundry contributory causes, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Arthur Blyth's eloquent plea for the reared pheasant, which appeared in our 1921 Shooting Number, must have done a lot to start the ball rolling. Since then our shooting column has consistently advocated the same policy, from time to time emphasising the disappointing behaviour of the wild bird on shooting occasions and its capacity for inflicting maximum annoyance on the farmer. Anyhow, the Liphook the wild bird on shooting occasions and its capacity for inflicting maximum annoyance on the farmer. Anyhow, the Liphook Game Farm reports in a letter before me that their books at the turn of last month were closed up to May 21st, and this notwithstanding an exceptionally early commencement of laying. The first egg was discovered on the 14th ult., this being a record so far as their head-keeper is concerned; further, that by March 31st a total of 250 had been reached against 18 last year. Referring to another subject, viz., my recent remarks comparing the alleged Orwell estate bag with that of The Grange at Alresford, Hants, I learn that the source from which I quoted was erroneous. Captain Prettyman scored 7,028 head in the at Alresford, Hants, I learn that the source from which I quoted was erroneous. Captain Prettyman scored 7,028 head in the season, this including 1,725½ brace of partridges and 3,004 pheasants. The total of ducks caught in the decoy was 4,509, this being about half the previous year's record, the falling off no doubt resulting from the exceptionally mild winter. That there should exist anywhere in the country a duck decoy producing results comparable with the yield of the good old days, when England offered satisfactory inducements to web-footed migrants, is not only a subject for congratulation, but a tribute to the skill and craft exercised by J. Baker, the highly competent decoy-man who is in charge. who is in charge.

HIGH-CLASS SALESMANSHIP.

A member of one of the Public Schools who had shown unusual proficiency in rifle shooting spent a day at my shooting ground for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge as to the care of his .303 rifle. Apparently this was a gift from his fatler, who, in consequence of certain successes at last year's Bisley, where the lad was troubled with a sudden breakdown of accurawhere the lad was troubled with a sudden breakdown of accuracy, had determined on the purchase of a first-class example of the riflemaker's art. The boy was, naturally, very proud of his possession, which had cost in the region of £10, and he reported that it was the pick out of a dealer's stock of forty such weapons, having cost extra in consequence. It proved to be the product of a factory which was broken up and dispersed under the hammer some three years ago. The barrel did not gauge .303 as it should but took a godin plug quite freely till a sticking point was reached. some three years ago. The barrel did not gauge 303 as it should, but took a 304in. plug quite freely till a sticking point was reached some two-thirds of the way down. The muzzle gauged 3045 for rin. down, when the bell-mouth ceased with some nasty circumferential jabs to show that something had gone wrong in the boring. Strenuous work with emery cleared the central obstruction till the gauge passed freely; a dozen rounds restored the tightness, further scrubbing cleared it, and so we alternated till about 100 rounds, showing mediocre accuracy, had been fired. The fore-end had a nasty knot in the middle and about as non-longitudinal a grain as could possibly emerge from an industrious search for an unpromising sample. No word less vigorous than "swindle" can describe the uncarting of such rubbish on to a novice, who in all innocence had backed what he thought was a good reputation. True calibre of .303 dimensions from chamber to muzzle is the sole protection against nickel depositing tendencies at particular spots, and rifles complying with this specification should invariably be supplied when the special "match" quality is demanded and paid for.

RIFLE SHOOTING AT ARDINGLEY.

Recently I paid my second visit to Ardingley, several letters reporting their successes in inter-school matches having led me to run down to find out how it was done. The great feather in their cap was a match with a Hythe team, the boys winning against the mature experts with a margin which suggests definite superiority. The explanation no doubt resides in the search against the mature experts with a margin which suggests definite superiority. The explanation no doubt resides in the searching test of "Country Life conditions," one item in which is the firing of ten rounds single loading in the space of a minute, against the more usual 1½ minutes. Nimble fingers and systematic training are needed to get the shots off at all, let alone include any serious aiming. And the Ardingley team actually make groups under these conditions. At the time of my visit they had won nine matches out of ten fired, Whitgift being the only school which had laid them low. J. H. G. Chapman, the captain of shooting, out of the possible 85 had put up the following items: 76, 83, 80, 81, 83, 82, 82, making highest score for the team on each of the occasions noted, plus one highest possible of 70 when the conditions were slightly one highest possible of 70 when the conditions were slightly different. Dawkins was ace in the remaining event. Captain Miller, the officer commanding, with Sergeant Gladman in charge of the actual training, have between them established this school as a home of serious shooting. The boys do their miniature



ARDINGLEY'S MINIATURE RANGE.

shooting in a stone enclosure formed from the ruins of an old barn, our illustration showing in the most eloquent manner that while theory suggests a covered firing point, experience insists on whatever destruction is necessary to procure top illumination. The rifles in use have been reconditioned for this season's use, but this remark has almost become commonplace when referring to the doings of any school which aspires to a high position to a high position.



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d er e p or From a print in the collection of Mr. Bassi Dignon, of Savite Row, w